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A TRUE SON OF LIBERTY

OR

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT BE A PATRIOT

BY

FRANK P. WILLIAMS

"O LIBERTY! LIBERTY! HOW MANY CRIMES ARE COMMITTED IN THY NAME!"

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.		PAGE.
I.	A Talk about Liberty - -	9
II.	The Pastor utters more Heresy	20
III.	The Story of the Outcast -	44
IV.	The Hidden Impulse - - -	63
V.	Cast out of Fellowship - -	85
VI.	The Last Appeal - - - -	106
VII.	One More Day's Work for Jesus	125
VIII.	A Strange sort of Martyrdom	142
IX.	The Wanderer's Welcome -	164
X.	The Pastor's Mistake - -	178

I SAW a mansion rising in vast and stately proportions under the hands of many builders. Wherein, dwellers occupying unfinished apartments were saying to each other: "What house is like this house in grandeur or in strength? Its walls shall rise to heaven and shall last forever." And the dwellers stood at the windows sending their voices abroad, saying: "Come! Take an abode in this mansion; for its many apartments are spacious and beautiful; and its walls are laid upon a foundation chosen by learned counsellors—a foundation that is enduring and strong."

I also believed these things; for I saw that the walls were imbedded in a mighty rock that seemed to be eternal adamant. Upon its surface, searching with care to see if it contained aught of flaw or fissure, I discovered this inscription: *Self protection: the first law of nature.* "Here," thought I, "is full assurance of survival. What can ruin undertakings which rely upon the unfailing laws of nature for success!" Filled with admiration; and continuing

to study the staunch, symmetrical and mighty foundation, I presently found these words also thereon: *Violence. Warfare.* And upon another part of the rock I found this sentence written: *Knowledge without Wisdom.* And also: *Ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.*

While I pondered, desiring to learn the significance of the writing, I saw a great stone having neither form nor comeliness lying near the walls of the mansion, and being passed and repassed by the builders; but yet unnoticed by them. Approaching, I saw that it too bore a writing on its surface. Going closer I read: *The stone which the builders rejected; but chosen of God and precious.* And in another place on the rough rock these words were written: *Love your enemies.* And also these: *Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.*

Marveling greatly, I turned again toward the mansion to say to the builders: "Sirs, what means it that a stone seeming so unfit for foundation bears such mighty declarations?" but paused, to look at the living stream which from all abroad was pouring in through the many doors of the mansion, rising to every level, and flowing into all apartments. And still the dwellers, standing at the windows, cried aloud: "Come! Take an abode in this mansion;

for it shall stand forever. See! We have set upon our banners the everlasting stars for an emblem." And looking upward, I saw on towering and unfinished pinnacles the everlasting stars fixed upon many proudly floating banners.

But suddenly, while I gazed, all upbuilding ceased; and the inflowing stream of life stopped, turned backward, and came pouring out through the many doors and away from the mansion. And there was a great sound, as of a terrible earthquake. And the mighty foundation yawned asunder; and the walls of the mansion with their towering pinnacles, and proud banners bearing the eternal stars for an emblem of duration, fell down into the dust.

But above the thunder of the falling walls; above the cries of warning and despair—a voice sounded, saying: "*Direct us O Lord in all our doings with Thy most gracious favor, and further us with Thy continual help; that in all our works begun, continued and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy Name.*"

A TRUE SON OF LIBERTY.

CHAPTER I.

A TALK ABOUT LIBERTY.

BELLICOSE was in a state of excitement on a certain morning, a generation ago. The strange declarations made at the last night's meeting of the debating club, by the talented pastor of Union Tabernacle, had not indeed been totally unheralded; previous utterances of the gentleman having apprised his neighbors that he could not be counted as one wholly in sympathy with that spirit of ardent patriotism for which the place was renowned. But last night, in the heat of argument, he had gone to such remarkable lengths in his attacks upon ideas which Bellicose held sacred, that his hearers had been thrown into an agitation which could not have been greater had the shock been given without any warning.

And echoes of the speech were not slow in spreading outward in widening circles; for the atmosphere of Bellicose was as celebrated for its transmitting qualities as it was for the stimulus which it contained

for the nourishment of patriotism. Tongues were in rapid motion this morning, and reports of the strange sayings were being given with ready unction or with reluctant consent; as love of country or love for the erring pastor predominated in the hearts of the narrators.

The attendance at the debate, although quite as full as audiences usually were when a speech from the lips of the gifted pastor was expected, would have assumed the proportions of a mass meeting had Bellicose been given beforehand a programme of what was coming. This was the opinion of Mr. Kitto, who served as trustee of Union Tabernacle; and who also served to townspeople their burning fluid with such unfailing punctuality that it had been said of him by certain witty persons, that he was trusty in more senses than one.

At this moment, however, Mr. Kitto was in danger of losing his hard-earned reputation for regularity of conduct. Unmindful of the fact that a can which had been placed under the faucet of a certain tank or reservoir in his delivery wagon needed replenishing; and indeed to all appearances unconscious of the presence of the wagon itself, behind which he was standing; Mr. Kitto was describing to an attentive listener the effect of last night's speech upon the

opinion which he had previously formed regarding the character of his pastor.

"Now I stand," said he in conclusion, "just here. I believe that religion and patriotism go hand in hand. I believe that as a man grows in grace he becomes strengthened in love of country. I believe that the more earnest a Christian is, the more ready he is to leap to his country's succor when her liberties are attacked. I have always had doubts of our pastor's Christianity as regards patriotism; and at times I have felt almost called upon to expostulate with him. I wish now that I had done so. What do you think, Spinner, of a man occupying a position as teacher of religion in a country so evidently established and protected by Divine Providence as is the land that we live in—what do you think of such a man, I ask—standing up and declaring that resistance to tyrants is disobedience to God?—saying that our institutions were set up in rebellion; and that therefore their foundations are in hell! What do you think of such a man? For my part, I admit that our pastor has many lovable qualities; but for all that, he will be the cause of dissension in the Church of Christ if he follows his bent any longer. But what do you think of such assertions coming from the lips of a Christian minister, Spinner; and what

ought I to do in the matter, trustee as I am of Union Tabernacle?"

Mr. Spinner, postmaster of the town of Bellicose, loved to express his sentiments in a dual capacity. As an appointee of the government of his native land; equivalent in his mind to being his country's delegate to a perpetual convention—"voicing, in a sense"—a favorite phrase of his, "the sentiments of the people of these United States." And, also, "as a simple and unpretending citizen."

"Well, friend Kitto," he replied, "not being a member of Union Tabernacle, I prefer not to give advice in the matter. As an outsider and a simple and unpretending citizen, I can only deplore the fact that such words have been spoken in our liberty-loving community. But representing as I do, the people of these United States in their official capacity, my sympathies naturally reach out from the department which is my station, and attach themselves to all public affairs. I feel that loyal America coincides with me sir when I say as I do now, that the author of utterances such as those you have just quoted should be severely censured. Liberty——"

"Good morning, Mr. Postmaster!" chimed in a third voice. "What meaning do you attach to that word—liberty?"

The speaker, whose approach had been hidden by the wagon, was the man who had just been accounted deserving of reprimand. But by his bearing he disclosed no consciousness of being worthy of condemnation. Erect in stature, courteous and straightforward in demeanor—he would have been the last man singled out by a stranger in Bellicose, as one against whom arrows of scorn were about to be darted; as one upon whom a mantle of reproach was about to fall.

"Liberty," said the postmaster, answering the pastor's question, "liberty—well pastor to be frank with you, I say that liberty is something very different from what you are trying to persuade people it is. Liberty, sir, is what our fathers achieved through the repression of tyranny, and what, sir, their sons will preserve by the repression of treason, if occasion arises! In a certain sense, sir, I voice the sentiments of the American people in declaring it——"

"Can liberty be attained or maintained," interposed the pastor, "by repressing the acts of tyrants or traitors? I do not believe it. The rebellion of your forefathers did not establish liberty. What it did establish was dominion of certain ideas which the rebels declared to be self-evident truths. This is far from being an establishment of liberty. Let the

people of any part of the land over which the American union claims right of sovereignty, try to establish a dominion of ideas which they declare to be self-evident truths, but which ideas are distasteful to people of the other parts of the land; and think you that the malcontents will be accorded permission to set up a dominion of their own ideas?"

"Pastor," said the postmaster, in grave tones, "I feel that I am, in a sense, voicing the loyalty of my fellow-countrymen, when I say that the epithet which you have just applied to our noble sires of the Revolution is well-nigh treasonable. And when I adjure you solemnly, as I do now, to beware of the heresies of John C. Calhoun."

"Do not misunderstand me," replied the pastor. "I do not use words or arguments as a partisan. The rebellion in which the formation of the American union was begun, was rebellion against God; that thought concerns me chiefly. When your forefathers threw off the yoke of their oppressor, they threw off also that yoke which Jesus spoke of when He said: 'Take my yoke upon you and learn of me.' The yoke of obedience to the will of God, which Jesus bore without murmur, necessitates submission to injustice. He told His disciples to pay a tax far more oppressive and galling than that tax which was

imposed upon your rebellious forefathers by their earthly sovereign."

At the time these words were spoken, that intellectual awakening which the poet Lowell speaks of as a discovery that "they didn't know everythin' down in Judee," had not touched Bellicose. Testimony drawn from the Bible was unanswerable if it could not be met by other testimony from the same source. Such an answer neither of the pastor's critics was prepared to furnish at the moment. They were perplexed by his manner of using Scripture, and their minds were restive because of their inability to dissipate the cloud which had encroached upon the glory of their forefathers.

"Liberty!" continued the non-partisan; "it can never be attained or maintained by acts of coercion and violence. Evil-doers may by violence establish conditions which seem to them to be conditions of liberty; but they are deceived. The blessings of liberty are God's gifts to those only who are implicitly obedient to His laws. Group together the most beneficent of those so-called blessings of liberty which popular historians say that your forefathers secured to themselves and to their posterity; and what are they when compared with the accompaniments of true liberty? Liberty, to be liberty, must

be full liberty; and to true liberty is attached all privileges, even creative power and deathlessness. See this exemplified in the life, miracles and resurrection of Jesus Christ, the first Son of liberty manifested to an unbelieving world."

"Have a care, pastor! Have a care!" said the warning voice of the trustee. "Jesus Christ was the Son of God."

"Have not I just said the same thing in other words?" rejoined the pastor. "Is it not written: 'As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God'? To be a son of liberty, I must become a son of God. The way to become a son of God does not lie through disobedience to the laws of God."

The auditors were silenced for a moment; but for a moment only. That intense desire to separate men from Christ which possesses the soul of every theologian, quickly prompted the trustee to say:

"You must not, pastor—you must not couple human beings with the Saviour in that irreverent manner. He is God, and men can never do what He has done."

"It is written," answered the pastor, "that a hundred and forty and four thousand follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

"That man's mind is in a queer jumble," said the postmaster, as the pastor walked away. "What does he mean by mixing up liberty with religion in the way he does? Seems as though I should never be able to straighten out my ideas again. He'd better make out some sort of new-fangled political Bible, and preach from that. Ours does not appear to suit his mind."

"Oh, no," responded the trustee; "his call is to revise all history. I've heard him say that history will never be properly written until it contrasts the lives of conquerors and rulers with the life of Christ. But,"—after a pause—"we ought to be more sorry for him in his discontent, than angry with him. He seems to have made up his mind that the world is against him, and so goes through life opposing himself to everybody. He cannot see that he makes antagonists out of friends, and that he is his own worst enemy."

With the culpability of the man who, while professing to be taught of Jesus, speaks of the world as though its friendliness should be sought after, these chronicles have nothing to do. They are written to record the things which the blindness of heart out of whose abundance such thoughts flow, prompted men to do to one who believed that the words: "I have

chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you;" were spoken to him. They are written to show the career of a man who, fully believing that he had been chosen out of the world to follow Christ, was diligently searching to find His footsteps, which had been almost wholly covered over by haters of the narrow way of peace. They are written to show the fate of a man who desired above all things to walk in the footsteps of Christ; to know sorrows, to become acquainted with grief, and to be despised and rejected of men. To show the fate of a man who believed that the servant ought not to be above his master; and who realized also—none more fully than he—that the same Jesus Christ who had been to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness; was to the upholders of the American union, meaningless.

"Kitto," said the postmaster, "I will acknowledge to you confidentially what I would not admit to your pastor, for I think he ought to be reprimanded and warned. I believe he is a good man. I do indeed. I believe that he means well. But I tell you his ideas are confused. He mixes everything together in his head. Now I say, let every tub stand on its own bottom. I keep my patriotism, and my religion, and my business, all separate and apart from each

other. When I want to use one or the other, I take it up and use it, and then put it away again where it belongs. I never think of using one for the purpose to which the other is adapted. I would not think of running my business on patriotic principles; nor my patriotism on religious principles. It would be like trying to build a house on a foundation of sand. It could not stand, sir. It would be a foolish undertaking."

"Well, brother," rejoined the trustee, "that sort of feeling may do for the unregenerate; but I cannot say that it answers for me. I try to do everything in the Lord, my brother—everything in the Lord."

CHAPTER II.

THE PASTOR UTTERS MORE HERESY.

THE pastor had been reading about the persecution of the primitive Christians, and was musing in his chair with his book lying open before him. The thoughts that he had admitted to his mind were not strangers. Their visits had become more and more frequent as he had progressed in that knowledge whose threshold he passed when he learned to contemplate human events from a spiritual plane of observation. With the boldness of privileged friends they had now summoned him to withdraw his attention from the recorded annals before him, and to consider his own prospects. To remember that the noble army of martyrs had not yet been made full. To remember that persecution of believers in Jesus had not ceased because hatred of Christ had departed from the world, but because love of Christ had grown cold in the hearts of His disciples. To remember that the world, which had killed his Master, had continued, through long ages down to the present time, the same wicked world;

without variableness or shadow of turning in its great desire to hunt down and kill every lover of Truth who follows Christ openly and fearlessly. To remember that now—in the place where he is dwelling—a land whose citizens boast that they guarantee to men the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences—he who believes in Jesus with his whole heart must be prepared to lose fortune friends and life.

Sweet counsellors these to the man who has taken up the cross of Christ with glad willingness of spirit. But, oh, how he yearns to hear the whisper of messengers sent to give strength to weak flesh! Will he hear their voices when the burden of his life has grown hard to be borne? When his time has come to endure the sneers, the scoffs, the contumely of men; the denunciations of their teachers; the sentence of unrelenting judges learned in human law—will angels strengthen him then? When on all sides earthly voices cry out: "False! false! traitorously and blasphemously false! he shall die!"—Then, in that extremity will voices from on high speak to him in tones of strong assurance, saying: "Thou art of the Truth! Thou canst not die!" Or, is it a part of some unalterable plan that God's beloved sons must endure even their bitterest agony in a loneliness like that which once

wrung from stiffening lips the cry: "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

In some lower room of the house a sweet womanly voice was singing. There seemed to be at times an almost mysterious interaction of the minds of the pastor and his daughter. Frequently, when he was occupied with thoughts that separated him so wholly from his surroundings that he was unconscious of even a desire to speak, she suddenly surprised him with a remark or question strangely touching on the matter of his own thoughts; and at times so opportune as to point to a way out of some difficulty into which he had wandered. It was as though some unnamed and unknown medium of thought transmission lay between father and daughter which they at times unconsciously opened and made use of.

The marvel was occurring again, now. The pastor going down into gloomy depths had unknowingly sent out an appeal for help, which had awakened utterance in his daughter. Back from her, straightway, borne on wings of melody, was coming a response:

"God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep."

It pierced through the shadows that surrounded him; and took possession of his heart. "Oh, thou of little faith," it whispered, "wherefore dost thou

doubt? as thy day is so shall thy strength be. Hast thou forgotten the sure word of hope? He is faithful that promised. Count well the cost, oh, man of God, but fear not. It is enough for thee to know that thou shalt be led through no darker rooms than Christ passed through before. Enough for thee to know that thou shalt endure unto the end. Enough for thee to know that thou, oh, upholder of Truth, shalt not quail before Pilate. Then, cease not to warn men that those things which they believe are realities, and which they set their hearts upon; are but the shadows of death disguised for their delusion. And build thou on Christ; on Him alone."

As the music of the singer's voice died away, the sound of other voices was heard and the door of the study was opened from the outside. Rising from his chair with a "good evening, brethren," the pastor welcomed the incomers, ten or twelve in number, following the lead of Mr. Kitto. Under the pastor's smile of greeting, there was evidence of surprise; an expression of countenance which doubtless was considered suitable for the occasion by the trustee; who, while hands were being shaken, opened the interview in this manner:

"I foretold that you would be astonished, pastor, at our calling on you in this fashion; but brother Wilbur's

opinion was that the matter is of such importance that it ought not to be postponed until next business meeting. So all of us deacons and trustees determined to call on you in a body."

Brother Wilbur said nothing at this juncture either by way of corroboration or approval; thinking perhaps, that the powers of his associate were competent to set forth the views of two trustees of Union Tabernacle.

"I coincide with Wilbur in his belief, pastor,"—continued the spokesman. "It is of the greatest importance—Deacon Tristam here, and all the other deacons and trustees uphold us also—it is of the greatest importance—the very greatest—that you should set yourself straight before Bellicose in regard to the strange things that you said the night of the debate. For they were strange, pastor; very strange; and people are saying ugly things about you. Now sir, we have called on you as friends. We call on you in your own interest, and in the interest of Union Tabernacle. We call on you to ask you to authorize us to make some statement for you that will take the rough edge, so to speak—off of your words; and make them harmonize with the patriotic sentiments of Bellicose."

"Or else, pastor"—joined in Mr. Tristam, senior deacon of Union Tabernacle; evidently thinking

that his pastor could not easily be persuaded into helping on a maneuver of policy; "or else, pastor, you just promise to say nothing at all. Let us explain things to everybody. We will fix things up for you. We will say that the orator like the poet is entitled to special license; that he ought not to be taken literally to mean exactly what he says. If that does not suffice, we are prepared to go further in your behalf. We will say to whom it may concern that all the enlightened world knows, and that they too ought to know that a man should never be called to account for what he says in debate before a parliamentary body. We will do this for you, as I say—provided that you will agree to drop the subject entirely. That is the main thing; we are united and firm in regard to that. We can probably open a way for you out of your trouble; but you must help us by not opening your mouth hereafter on forbidden subjects."

"Yes, pastor"—interposed Mr. Kitto, putting himself forward again—"we insist on that; as Tristam says. You have got yourself in trouble, and we stand ready to get you out; but you must keep out hereafter. You must now begin to do as we do; and make friends of your neighbors. Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! A prudent man foreseeth the evil and

hideth himself. He does not antagonize the men and women who make up his own community. He knows that if he is to get along at all it must be by their aid ; so he acts accordingly."

Admirable advice, Mr. Kitto ! Admirable advice to give a man who aims at what the world calls success. But it has no weight with him who is laying plans to be hated above all men for Christ's sake.

"We are willing to view your past conduct, sir," continued the trustee—"in the most favorable light. Let us say that you love to speculate in abstruse theories. Now speculation may be a fine thing for some regions ; but it is not what people want here in Bellicose. We want religion. We are a practical people, sir ; and we must have practical religion."

"Brethren," answered the pastor—"you remember who it was that said : 'No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the Kingdom of God.' I must not falter. I must speak out my convictions. They are founded on knowledge which is higher than that which is regarded as ultimate in Bellicose. I hear people all around me ; people who are in bondage—boasting of liberty. I, who have looked into the perfect law of liberty must preach that law to them. This is my religion, brethren ; my practical religion."

The voice in the lower room began singing again. Its sweet tones seemed to attract a momentary attention from the little group whose minds had been fixed on the pastor; while on his heart the words:

Jesus, I my cross have taken;
All to leave and follow Thee—

fell with all the refreshing influence of a timely utterance of heartfelt sympathy.

"The long pull and the strong pull is when all pull together." The senior deacon was speaking again. "If you do not confine yourself to the legitimate labors of your charge, pastor, we fear that you will do much harm in our community. Neither will the ill be unfelt by you. We are your friends, sir, and we warn you kindly. Many patriotic hearts have been shocked by the words and terms that you have been coupling with memories which they hold sacred."

"Brethren, how can I do otherwise than speak my honest convictions? I have learned to call earthly things by the names that are given to them in the Kingdom of heaven. Hearts that are anchored to delusions must inevitably quail in the time of an onset of realities. I wish to awaken in the hearts of my people a yearning to rise into an atmosphere where they can see the things of this world in their true proportions."

"But," expostulated Mr. Kitto; "the very charge that is laid at your door is that you are not leading people toward heaven. You should try to spread an atmosphere of love about you; and thus make earth like heaven. You are not making happiness. Your influence is disquieting. You are arousing antagonism. You are casting stumbling-blocks in the path of wayfaring pilgrims. You are becoming unpopular, sir. Do you not care for your character? Have you no regard for public opinion?"

"Brethren, I am a follower of Him who made Himself of no reputation. I care for public opinion, only when it is made up of belief in the Word of God."

Those words oh pastor, seal thy doom. The men before thee are the makers of public opinion in Bellicose; and are bitterly opposed to the Word of God. And when times are ripe, public opinion will demand thy homage or thy life. There is no release from this alternative anywhere in this present evil world. Bow down ye lovers of Truth—before public opinion; or at its mandate ye shall be slain; even as He was whose death warrant was sealed when the multitude cried out at the instigation of their manipulators: "Away with Him! Crucify Him!"

"Pastor," interposed Deacon Tristam—"the purpose of this visit of ours is a double one. We are

come to implore you not to persist in closing up the channel of sympathies that exists between yourself and our people. We wish to set up a beacon, as it were; to warn you not to drift out of the safe channel."

The deacon, at an earlier period of his life had had seafaring associations; and had picked up words and ideas which he frequently wove into his conversation; and not infrequently mixed in his metaphor.

"Since you have been among us," he continued, "we have learned to look upon you as a man of singular views; of many singular views. Strange things have you said from time to time about the ties that bind human beings together; and regarding the institutions which mankind cherish. Be content with oddity, sir. Have nothing to do with sacrilege. Leave unmolested, we beseech you, the names that we have learned to love while bending o'er history's hallowed page."

The pastor, being above the plane of existence occupied by the supporters of Union Tabernacle had always been somewhat of a mystery to them; and it was no new thing for his words to be misconstrued in Bellicose. Once, when he said that where people love their neighbors as themselves family lines are obliterated; his hearers declared that he had spoken

against the holy estate of matrimony. Again, when he said that a republic does not help a man to live for the glory of God any more than a monarchy does; his hearers called him an aristocrat and a tory; and said that he was an unaccountably strange man. And they thought him very queer indeed when he told them a certain parable or story, which he said he made use of to contrast Christ's plan for the forgiveness of sins, with the ideas of modern Christians; and also to point out how natural relationships might be made to serve a higher purpose than the corruption of children.

"The other reason of our visit is to ask," continued the senior deacon—"why you, sir—a natural born citizen of our republic of freedom, are so hostile to principles which every liberty loving man reverences."

"It is true my friends," answered the pastor—Every question that was being put to him, was so evidently endorsed by all his visitors that he invariably made his replies to the group and not to individual questioners. "It is true that my natural birth made me a citizen of a so-called land of freedom. But my spiritual birth absolved me from that citizenship, and gave me an inheritance in the true land of freedom; that land whose inhabitants are free from the bondage of sin."

Again the voice was singing. The words :

Where loyal hearts and true stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through in God's most holy sight—

surely a marvelous sympathy of thought had suggested them !

"Yes," continued the speaker — aglow with spiritual thoughts—"I am of the light and of the day. I am a new man in Christ Jesus ; and hate the things that once I loved. I have renounced all allegiance to the land that claims you for citizens ; for she sits in darkness. I would that your ears were open to the cry : 'Come out of her, oh my people !' She is a daughter of hell. Her mission is to wear out the patience of the saints of God. They who are risen with Christ can have no part in her. She is determined that Jesus shall never reign upon the earth. Her name in the spiritual tongue is Sodom and Egypt where also our Lord was crucified."

The perplexity in the minds of the little group had deepened into mystification. The dissatisfaction in their hearts was hardening into anger. Here was a man from whom they had hoped to draw tokens of repentance, talking to them as if they had never separated themselves from the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. Talking thus to men—each and every one of whom could name the year, month,

day, hour, and minute of his conversion. Here was a man to whom they had come to offer instruction, as to one possessing at least some perceptions of patriotism, holding them silent while he forced upon them a foul mess of treason garnished with religious phrases to give it a seductive appearance. Here was a man deliberately renouncing and spurning a citizenship that men all over the world long and struggle to obtain. Here was a man talking about the new birth as though it was a breaking away from allegiance to civil government. And the man was speaking as though he really believed what he said!

Had these hearers been living in environments like those which closed in around their posterity in after years, they would not have hesitated to term their pastor's confession of loyalty to Christ a statement of "views." Nor to attach to the speaker some name invented by purveyors of slang phrases for mean creatures to use when speaking of brave souls; nor to say that he was showing symptoms of brain softening. But being as they were, intimations of the invulnerability of his logic seemed to pierce through their resentment and their bewilderment. They seemed to see dimly that they were confronted by a type of true manhood. Because they were living a generation ago—in a community where the belief that man's

estate has very little to do with the stature of Christ had not been wholly accepted as infallible. Because they were living a generation ago—in a community where the loyal expectation of the church visible had not wholly died. Because they were living a generation ago—in a community where those manifestations of the children of Satan which men speak of as the achievements of human progress, had not grown alluring enough to be fully endorsed by all those who call themselves Christians, as a satisfactory substitute for the manifestation of the sons of God.

Mr. Kitto, who had by this time collected some ideas; and who believed that the true way to use a belief is to air it; opened his mouth at his pastor again:

"Are not your ideas somewhat confused sir? Liberty is of different sorts; that is to say, civil liberty is one thing; and religious liberty another. Our institutions guarantee to our citizens both civil and religious liberty. They give to men the privilege of governing themselves; and also the privilege of worshiping God according to the dictates of their consciences."

"Men cannot govern themselves," answered the pastor, "nor can human laws give them such power. Men, in their moral acts and utterances are governed either by God or by Satan. They are impelled either

by good or by evil desires. Where men are moved in any degree by Satan, there is bondage. Where men are moved wholly by God, there is liberty. Nowhere do civil powers permit men to worship their Heavenly Father in spirit and in truth; to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness—to be followers of Christ—to love their enemies. Civil powers everywhere assert a right to compel men to kill their enemies.

"Men may fancy that human laws can confer liberty; but they are deceived. Liberty is a gift of God, vouchsafed only to beings who are qualified to receive it; beings who are prepared to act solely for the glory of God. The very language of men who talk of achieving liberty for themselves shows that they are in bondage to Satan. Behold a verification of this in the promulgation of intentions published by your forefathers. In what they called their 'declaration of independence' read their confession of submission to the devil. 'All men,' so runs their assertion 'are endowed by their Creator with certain rights; among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' The Word of God shows clearly that life is not a right of man; but that his present existence is an opportunity for him to begin to glorify God. The Word of God reveals that liberty is freedom from sin. To talk of freedom from sin as being a

natural right of man is to talk foolish babbling; as you, brethren, will readily admit. And instead of teaching that men have a right to the pursuit of happiness, the Word of God says plainly to man that it is his duty to follow Jesus Christ at all cost and hazard."

"Well, pastor"—said the trustee—"Andrew Jackson has been credited with knowing something about patriotism; and something about religion too. I do not suppose however that you will admit that he knew what he was talking about, when at his dying hour he summed up his life's belief by laying his hand on the Bible and saying: 'That is the rock on which our nation rests.'"

"He certainly talked vaguely," answered the pastor; "but to my mind he was not so misguided as was George Washington when he, red-handed with the blood of his fellow-men, partook of the Lord's supper; believing himself to be at his Master's table. He who believes in the Word of God knows that an unrepentant slayer of his foes cannot hold communion with Him who said: 'Love your enemies.'"

The visitors had started to their feet on hearing these words. "Pastor, this venting of spleen is mere bluster!" The voice of the trustee was sounding again; and in tones angry and loud. "It

cannot be that you are seriously trying to sow treason and infidelity in our hearts. 'Twould be in vain sir to try it. We are far too well enlightened. You cannot possibly construe that command of our blessed Saviour which you have just quoted, into a denial of the right of free men to take up arms in defense of their country. When Christ spoke of enemies He meant our own enemies; he did not mean the enemies of our country." This in one breath; and in the next: "To fight for our country and for our flag is to fight for our hearthstones and for our families, sir. And you denounce such men! You scoff at the virtue of:

—the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed.

"You, a preacher of Christianity! You who ought to be the very first to stand up for the good, the noble and the true—heap infamy on memories that men hold most precious! You, alone of all the world! On earth below and in heaven above they who fall defending their hearthstones are accounted Christian martyrs:

By angel hands their knell is rung:
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay.

"Where is the man; aye, where is the Christian who would not do battle for his home! What, sir, would you say, if to-morrow the defenders of freedom should be called to arms; and if you should see orthodox Christians falling into line, and marching away rank after rank?—as they certainly would in such a crisis; and members of Union Tabernacle not in the rear, either."

"There would be no need for me to say anything," replied the pastor. "Your own Bible has already spoken in regard to men who band themselves together in such a manner: 'Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not be unpunished.'"

"Woe unto them that call evil good; and good evil! Have you never read words like these in the Bible, pastor? Union Tabernacle, sir, is of the Church militant. Its congregation is composed of Christians who are the descendants of fighters." That stanch champion of his forefathers, Mr. Kitto, was speaking again. "The descendants of fighters, sir, who bequeathed to their children this watchword: The price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

"The fathers have eaten a sour grape," said the pastor—"and the children's teeth are set on edge. The congregation of Union Tabernacle would find it hard to reconcile their motto with

Truth; for the Word of God reveals that the price of liberty is everlasting love."

The champion of his forefathers was not yet done. "If you mean to say, pastor, that when the heroes of seventy six took up arms to resist oppression they did not do their duty as Christian men; that acts such as theirs are not fully approved by Almighty God—you not only confess total inability to comprehend the mystery of godliness; but also woful ignorance of your own Bible. Over and over again that Book speaks of occasions when God commanded His people to smite their oppressors; to slay them; yea to spare them not. Art thou a master in Israel and knowest not these things! Time and time again, the Bible says that when such commands were obeyed; when God's own chosen people put their enemies to the sword—men, women and children—He was well pleased and gave signal tokens of approval. Well did the children of Israel know that Jehovah Himself led them against their foes. Immediately after they had slain twelve thousand of their enemies and had burned their city, Joshua built an altar unto the Lord God—"

"Which," interposed the pastor, "may be a grand precedent for preaching the doctrines of Satan in a pulpit consecrated to the preaching of the

Word of God; but I am not doing that kind of preaching."

"Preach this, pastor"—said Deacon Tristam—"for it is what we all love to hear: America, and the Bible; one and inseparable! To attack one is to attack the other."

"Amen"—said the pastor—"with all my heart, amen! Brethren"—he continued, searching earnestly the eyes of one and another of the little group that surrounded him—"what do you understand me to mean when I speak of the Word of God?"

"Why, the Bible, of course! The Bible!" broke forth from many lips. "The Holy Bible! The Old and New Testament, comprising the sacred Scriptures!"

"Yes"—sighed the pastor, "I thought that you misunderstood me. When I speak of the Word of God I speak of that Word which was made flesh and dwelt among men. I speak of that Word which is full of Truth. I speak of that Word which is Truth."

O Word of God Incarnate
O Wisdom from on high—

sang the singer. Once again the close correspondence between the burden of the hymn and the burden of the speaker's utterance was lost to all save one.

Once again the sweet tones of the singer's voice seemed to attract a moment's notice from the little group in the pastor's study; but once again attention was too strongly bound to the speaker, to wander.

"Must we understand you to say, pastor"—inquired the trustee; "must we understand you to say sir, that it is your intention to put yourself still further at variance with Christian believers? Must we understand you to say that you are determined to make the gulf that lies between yourself and them as deep and as wide as possible? Surely it cannot be that you deliberately choose to cut yourself altogether away from hope. Surely you will think long and well before you let the infidelity that has taken hold of you drag you into apostasy. Surely you will not turn your back upon the Bible. Surely you will recall what you have said. Surely you believe the sacred Scriptures?"

"I believe in Jesus," said the pastor. "In believing in Jesus I believe in the Word of God."

Hark to the response! The singer is translating the pastor's majestic and matchless creed into a hymn of praise:

Thou oh Christ art all I want—

she sings. And the pastor feeling that his soul is imbued with excelling strength continues.

"The Bible contains both genuine Scriptures and spurious writings. In separating the Scriptures of the Bible from the false records, I am guided by that test which Jesus gave to His disciples for the discernment of Scriptures: *'They are they which testify of me.'* Brought to this test, every part of the Bible which says that God has commanded men to kill their enemies, or that God approves of such an act, must be rejected. It is not Scripture. Such passages do not testify of Christ; they contradict Him. The commandment which Christ brought from God to men in regard to enemies, is: 'Love your enemies.' Search the Scriptures well, my brethren. They are they which testify of Jesus."

"In behalf of the congregation of Union Tabernacle, pastor"—said the trustee—"and that congregation will, I doubt not, bear me out in what I now say; I declare to you that if your friends were not willing to remain quiescent under your atrocious assault upon the palladium of our liberties, far less are they ready to join with you in undermining the corner stone of our religious faith. Sir, I can prove to you that you are ridiculously unfit to be a leader of thought in Bellicose; or any place where orthodox Christian believers assemble themselves together Prophets, priests and kings of the old dispensation—

did they not all testify of Christ? Sir, you are as weak in religious knowledge as you are foolish in political argument."

"I am thinking of a prophet who did not bear witness of Christ," remarked the pastor—passing over the attack without notice; "that prophet who cursed little children. Christ blessed little children, saying: 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' But there is no need for me to condemn the witnesses that you have fastened your faith to. Jesus grouped them all together, and said: 'All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers.'"

"Brethren," said the trustee, turning to his associates—and holding up his left hand before them with its fingers spread wide open, "I believe that the results of this Christian effort to convert a brother from the error of his ways may be summed up thus"—with the forefinger of his right hand telling off on the extended fingers of his left hand, one by one, his "results" as he named them. "We have heard the honored patriot Andrew Jackson sneered at as an imbecile. We have heard the Father of his Country denounced as a murderer. We have heard our beloved native land called a daughter of hell. We have heard our precious Bible called a pack of lies. And we have heard those men of old who spake as they were moved

by the Holy Ghost, called a set of thieves and robbers. Brethren—in my opinion we ought now to abandon this effort and say good-bye to our pastor."

Then they left him and went out into the night. Turning their backs on the Light of the world, they went forth into darkness, with a light within them that was darkness blacker than any darkness that had ever descended upon the earth on any night in any year of its long gloomy history. A darkness which their souls delighted in. A darkness which they with their whole hearts had sought after; and which they prayed that they might never be delivered from. A darkness which they loved to sink down deep into; and to wrap close around them while they recalled and gloated over evil deeds that had been done within its shelter. A darkness which they loved to steep their eyes in; so that leading each other down new by-ways of unrighteousness they might stumble and fall headlong into a foul ditch of iniquity.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY OF THE OUTCAST.

THIS is the story which the pastor told to his people, for the purpose of contrasting Christ's plan for the forgiveness of sins with the ideas of modern Christians; and to show that the family circle ought to be made to serve a higher purpose than the corruption of children.

THE dwelling of a kindly man whose latch-string always hung on the outside of his door, was entered one day by a company of his kindred.

"We are come—oh kindly man," said the kindred—"to partake of your hospitality; and to recompense you therefor by putting vapid and noxious droppings into the ears of your children."

"Being altogether willing to give you happiness," replied the kindly man, "I cannot turn you away unsatisfied; therefore I will ask the housewife to set forth good cheer until you take your departure; promising myself meanwhile, that when I have regained possession of the ears of my children I will

pour therein a wholesome antidote; hoping that it will nullify your vapid and poisonous droppings before they have obtained permanent lodgment."

So the kindred sat at the board of the kindly man, and began to partake of his hospitality and good cheer; and to recompense him therefor by dropping vapid and noxious sayings into the ears of his children. While the entertainment was progressing, the door was again opened and an outcast entered, addressing the host in these words:

"The sight of a latch-string hanging on the outside of your door, oh kindly man, emboldened me to enter. I crave a morsel of food from you, for I am very hungry."

"Welcome, most heartily, friend!" exclaimed the kindly man, going to the newcomer and clasping his hand. Then leading the way to the board, the host prepared a place for the outcast and seated him among the kindred. But they, drawing away as far as possible, with intense disgust showing on their faces, began to grumble and to say:

"It would be far more fitting to give this man a crust of bread in some corner. Why is his ill-smelling person thrust upon us in this manner?"

"In order," replied the kindly man, "that I may bring to his mind the memory of by-gone happy days,

when comforts like these were his own. Or, in order, if such days were never known to him, to put into his mind a desire to be the possessor of pleasant surroundings. In either case, to sow in his heart the seeds of hope and manly resolution."

"If fortune were his, does he not deserve the concomitants of beggary, oh kindly man, for having descended into it? If he has always been an outcast is he not accustomed to his lot; and is it any hardship to him? Your attentions to him are as silly, as they are to us odious and galling."

"Consider," answered the kindly man, "the odium and gall that have been dealt out to this unfortunate one; and help me to ameliorate his condition by offering him, freely, welcome and cheer that may soften his heart."

Here the outcast, who had been ravenously devouring everything within his reach, took umbrage at some arrangement of the viands, and began to curse and swear in a manner most startling and horrifying. The kindly man immediately sent his children out of the room, shutting the door behind them.

"Why do you turn out your own children, oh kindly man!" exclaimed the kindred in united voice. "Why do you turn them out and persist in harboring this outcast? Why is it, unnatural one, that you prefer

the companionship of this vile creature to that of your own flesh and blood?"

"My children are ever with me," answered the kindly man, "and the peaceful influences of a happy home are always theirs; but this may be the only chance that I shall ever have to save this unhappy creature from a fate to which he is hastening. Therefore, for the moment I sacrifice my own comfort and that of my children; hoping that I may be able to exert a softening influence on the heart of this outcast. Perhaps he was the child of a parent whose antidotes were not powerful enough to resist the poison instilled in the minds of his offspring by a faithless kindred."

At this the kindred cried out angrily: "We were glad to partake of your good cheer, oh kindly man, but our gorge rises up against your sentiments!" Then they strode out through the door.

Hardly had they departed, when the outcast rose up murderously against the kindly man; and leaving him for dead on the floor, made spoils of whatever valuables he could conceal about his person, and slipped softly from the house.

But the outcries of the housewife alarmed the neighbors, who arresting the flight of the assassin, brought him back again and into the presence of the

kindly man, who by this time had managed to crawl to his bed, where he lay a bloody and pitiable spectacle.

"Have you anything to say to this miserable wretch"—asked the neighbors—"in regard to the enormity of his crime?"

"Friends," said the kindly man, in the loudest whisper he could summon, "I commit this unfortunate man to your care. Surround him with elevating influences; and lift him to a height that will enable him to view his conduct in a new light, and that will make a different sort of man out of him."

"That is what we are about to do, oh kindly man"—answered the neighbors. "The elevating influences are at hand"—slipping a rope over the head of the outcast. "After he has been lifted up by our hands he will be quiet and inoffensive—a very different man from what he has been hitherto."

But the kindly man was horrified. "Do not take the poor fellow's life," he pleaded; still speaking in hoarse whispers. "I bear him no ill will. Let us reason about the matter. He is not wholly responsible for his acts. Regard him as a victim of harmful surroundings. Whatever has been his previous condition, is it not true that he has been brought to this present pass, not by real choice on his part—but

by the working together on him of all the bad influences by which he has been surrounded? His bloody deed is in reality the essence of all the evil words and acts that have been uttered and done within the apprehension of his consciousness, bursting through a resolution and finding an outlet through a nature, that have been weakened and warped by improper training."

"While you are theorizing, oh kindly man," said the neighbors—"we will act the part of practical men." Then they led the outcast forth and hanged him on a tree by the door.

"Nevertheless"—sighed the kindly man, as looking through the window from where he lay on the bed, he saw the body swinging in the wind—"that is not the way to reclaim an outcast; nor is it a step towards destroying influences that are impelling unfortunate human beings away from paths of righteousness and peace."

The pastor told his hearers that the story showed in allegory, the yearning of their Heavenly Father, for the reclamation of wanderers. That as the door of the kindly man invited outsiders to enter and partake of hospitality and good cheer; so too does the door of the kingdom of heaven say to everybody: "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." That as

the kindly man told his guests to receive the outcast among their number; so does the Heavenly Father bid dwellers in His mansions show forth the universal brotherhood of man. That as the kindly man sacrificed temporarily the comfort of his own family in behalf of the outcast; so does the Heavenly Father subordinate the present well-being of His own household to the reclamation of those who are astray—saying to His people: "Do good to them that hate you."

The pastor also called attention to the enormity of the ingratitude of the kindred; who while partaking greedily of the hospitality of the kindly man, hated and scouted his utterances. He likened this to the conduct of men who while professing to be of God's family, and while being blessed by His loving kindness and bounty, ignore the laws which He has given them. "But," asked the hearers, "how does the story show that modern Christians are ignorant in regard to the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins?"

"We obtain pardon for our sins," replied the pastor, "when we forgive those who sin against us. 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' Do modern Christians strive in the right way to obtain pardon for their sins? Do they freely forgive those who

trespass against them, as the kindly man forgave the outcast; or do they, like the neighbors in the story, believe in a code which rewards robbery and murder with imprisonment and death? In dealing with wrong doers, are modern Christians actuated by the promptings of mercy—or do they demand eye for eye and tooth for tooth? Do they seek to overpower transgressors with love, or do they wield against them the arm of law?"

To the listeners, these questions did not seem so thoroughly meaningless—so utterly absurd, as such questions seem to their descendants who are living to-day. For a generation ago, the faith of professing Christians had not been wholly separated from the principles of Him who loved not His own life; had not been wholly attached to the first law of human nature. Self-protection was not to them Alpha and Omega; and self-sacrifice even on lines like those chosen by the kindly man was not wholly unknown.

Still it cannot be otherwise, than that men who believe that God wants them to slay their enemies, are men who can be taught that it is right to deal violently with offenders who are of their own community; and the leaven of Mammon was competent to work out a showing of this in Bellicose. It was only needed that means of transit should be run out

to the uttermost parts of the earth; and should draw in from thence a population that would transform a little settlement where men held intercourse with each other almost as members of one family, into a great metropolis where men would be separated into clusters and classes; and where the dealings of each with his fellow-men outside of his own circle, would suggest to an onlooker any thought rather than: "All ye are brethren." It was only needed that the supporters of Union Tabernacle should see in this influx of men, a widening of opportunity to roll up treasures on earth; and should make it their chief purpose to establish relations with their neighbors with that end in view. It was only needed that mighty agents with all-comprehensive arms should gather up the thoughts that grow out of and are affiliated to such commerce of men with each other—spread them out in Bellicose, and offer them to the supporters of Union Tabernacle for a practical bread of life. It was only needed that sons born of men nourished on the maxims that belong to the philosophy of "social progress" should reach maturity.

These changes only were needed to sink Union Tabernacle of Bellicose down to the place that it occupies to-day. Down to the level that men are on whose hearts are set upon the gathering of riches, and

infidel as to belief in the brotherhood of man. Down to the level that men are on, to whom the Word of God is made meaningless by the substitution in their minds of human plans of social reform, for God's plan of individual regeneration. Down to the level that men are on who are wholly unable to detect any inconsistency whatever in the creed: *We believe in Jesus Christ, and in punishing those who trespass against us.*

Where is the professing Christian to-day, who would refuse for Christ's sake to act as a jury-man? Yet how dare men who feel that they are sinners in the sight of God, take part in the condemnation of other wrong doers! The sincere believer in Jesus knows that only a jury made up of sinless beings, has any right to make an accusation of guilt against transgressors. "But for divine grace," says he; "but for restraining thoughts which have been implanted in me, I would have done all that the worst person on earth has done. I, who in my heart have been guilty of every evil deed, have been rewarded with loving kindness. Mercies and forgiveness I have freely received; therefore I shall freely forgive."

Then thunders the voice of public opinion: "Personally you have nothing to do with the prisoner at

the bar! You are summoned as a member of society, to perform a duty which has been imposed on you by the people. The dignity and welfare of the community are committed to your care. If you refuse to act the part assigned to you by popular mandate, you undermine the bulwarks which society has built for its protection; and"—numbering the disciple among transgressors as his Master was numbered before him—"you are an accomplice of criminals. If everybody should take such a stand as you are trying to take, what would there be to offer resistance to violence and crime! What could save society from wreck and ruin!"

"I care nothing for the will of the people," replies the believer in Jesus, "when it goes counter to the will of God. I have no part nor lot in that which you call society. I belong, I trust, to that little flock to whom it is God's pleasure to give the kingdom of heaven. Whatever trespass against me the accused may have committed, I forgive heartily for the sake of Him who raised me up alive when I was dead in trespasses and sins. I shall not encourage nor aid any attempt to subdue violence with force. If everybody should take the stand that I am now taking, there could be no violence. Society cannot count on me to help it to rid itself of the dangers which it has

evolved by its own course of procedure. I care nothing for the salvation of society. My concern is for the salvation of men. If my attitude does anything to weaken the props upon which society and civilization rest, I am most heartily glad; for I know that they must be reduced to wreck and ruin before Jesus can reign King of nations, as he does now King of saints."

"See," said the pastor, "the principle which modern Christians are being beguiled into upholding. Trespasses and sins committed against individuals, are in these days called offenses against the community —which must be dealt with by acts prompted by self-protection. What is this enunciation but swelling words spoken against the Most High! What but an attempt to make of none avail the divine law of forgiveness, by making it appear impractical to modern Christians; by putting it out of harmony with the tenets of social philosophy!

"See what efforts the Prince of darkness is making "—he continued—"to deceive the children of light; so that their hearts — even the hearts of the very elect, shall be separated from the Word of God. Knowing that the most certain way to break the strength of the Scriptures so that they shall not be able to prevent modern Christians from working out

the devil's will, is to make the Scriptures obsolete; he, Satan, has put into the mouths of men new names for attitudes and acts that are hoary with age; giving them the appearance of new things that ought to be dealt with in a modern manner. The significance of the Scriptural word world has been destroyed by the modern word society. When the modern Christian reads that Jesus said of His followers: 'They are not of the world even as I am not of the world'; he receives therefrom no intimation that it is his duty as a follower of Christ, to refuse to give any support to the social fabric which surrounds him. Acts which Jesus spoke of as trespasses and sins, are now called crimes; therefore when the modern Christian reads that Jesus commanded His disciples to forgive without cessation all who trespass against them; and when he reads that Christ emphasized His teachings by forgiving sinners, even the very worst, freely—he receives therefrom no intimation of what his own attitude toward criminals should be."

But the warning was given in vain. In vain the pastor showed his hearers that the Lord's jewels were being stolen away from the earth. In vain he showed them that even while men's lips were praising God for an open Bible; the Word of God was being hidden from the sight of men as really as the Bible had been

hidden, before the days of Martin Luther. In vain the pastor warned his hearers that they themselves were being bound hand and foot so that they might be cast into that outer darkness where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

His was the patience, and his was the faith of the saints of God. Theirs was the impatience and theirs was the infidelity of worldly philosophers. He was abiding in the habitation of the Ancient of Days; therefore he could not influence men who were drifting with the tide of modern times. Alienation was inevitable.

Professedly, the supporters of Union Tabernacle were Christians; but they were also modern thinkers, in whose minds the idea that God ought to be obeyed rather than man, was being more and more associated with antiquity. Although they had a desire to hear the will of God as expressed in the Bible; yet the avenues through which the will of God could lead them, were limited in number and were closing. The real resolve of their hearts was to heed the will of man as expressed in popular enactment. Although they had visions of eternal life their hearts were looking toward the gates of everlasting death; and guides that pointed in other directions they contemplated with disfavor. The Master might say: "Follow me;" the Spirit and the Bride might say: "Come;" but if

the invitation did not harmonize with the popular utterances of men, the invitation would be offered in vain. Divine revelation must coincide with human reason in order to be of practical use.

Not a surprising condition for men to be in, whose forefathers had consulted "the laws of nature, and of nature's God;" that is to say the laws of their own nature, and of the God of their nature; in plain language the laws of the devil—to find out how to act towards their fellow-men. Not a surprising condition for men to be in, whose forefathers had published their declaration of independence of the laws of that God who is the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was what might have been expected. And yet those men were not wholly blinded. They were able to see some difference between the civilization of the nineteenth century and the resurrection of the just.

But look at Bellicose to-day. See it, now that those foundations which were laid in perverseness; and which were builded on by children of confusion—have been received by the hands of benighted descendants. Look at it in these days, when an age of reason having almost wholly eclipsed the light of revelation is nearing a black meridian; and absolute belief in human law is unhesitatingly endorsed everywhere, within the borders of the community.

Behold the churches now. See their supporters and the depth of their degradation. See their preachers—spurning the teachings of Jesus about earthly things—dogmatizing about spiritual things—talking about a Christ who never lived on the earth or anywhere else—and speaking of doubters of their doctrines as promoters of an infidelity that attacks the religion of Jesus Christ.

Nevertheless, there is hope—there is certainty that light will dawn again, even on those who have driven out of their hearts Christ's plan for the salvation of men by individual regeneration; and who have opened their minds wide to the teachings of worldly philosophers, and to their plans for the salvation of society by social reform. For as surely as the sun of the natural heavens disappears only to return again; so surely shall the Sun of Righteousness arise again in glory, majesty and power. The morning shall break, the shadows flee away and all the earth shall see the salvation of the true God. Yea—saith the Father Almighty: "They shall all know me from the least of them unto the greatest." And speaking of His Word: "It shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Yea; saith the Word of God; "I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me."

Had the pastor been given to publishing his personal experiences, his hearers would have recognized the picture of the kindred repaying the hospitality of their host by putting noxious droppings into the ears of his children, as a fancy founded on actual events in the childhood of the story teller.

They would have known of a parent who tried to lead his household into the kingdom of heaven without purging it of hindering influences; not realizing that they who would seek those things which are above, must rise above conventionalities; nor the great principle that human hearts cannot be joined to spiritual ties until the bonds of natural relationship are loosened.

They would have known of the consequences of this ignorance upon the life of their pastor. They would have known how unbridled tongues had kindled evil desires in a young heart that was being taught to thirst for purity and peace. They would have known how a faithless kindred seizing the opportunities offered by natural relationship, had implanted a perverse mind in a child who was being called like Samuel of old, to be a king and a priest unto God.

They would have known of weary and bitter years, when a child of many hopes was wandering far from paths of righteousness; and of a parent growing

hopeless of the efficacy of faith in Christ—growing tired of well-doing; and grown cold hearted toward his Master, growing old.

But the supporters of Union Tabernacle were not worthy to enter into the sanctuary of their pastor's heart; therefore they heard about it only in such a way that hearing they could not understand.

Gladly would the pastor have raised them to the spiritual heights whereon he trod; but they loved low levels. Their conception stopped far short of the knowledge that he who would be a follower of Christ must sunder his natural relationships. If they had been forced to trace the logic of their thoughts fully, they must have declared that Christ Himself was neglectful of duty when He forsook one who had natural claims upon Him, to lay down His life.

But the pastor had learned to say: "whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven the same is my brother and sister and mother."

In later days as the pastor drew nearer and nearer to his appointed end, the dwellers in Bellicose coupled the name "unnatural man" with the other epithets which they bestowed on him. Yet they always considered it wholly proper; yes, laudable and evidencing fine attainments—for men to do unnatural and even repulsive things for love of science.

The pastor knew well that no matter how much the people of Bellicose might declare in words for love of purity in self and home, their real affiliations were for the vilest of the vile. It is always so in this present evil world; and certain contingencies will surely reveal it. Let them arise, and let men be bidden to choose for a consort either the son of God or the rascal; and they will always choose as those people did who once cried out: "Away with this man, and release unto us, Barabbas."

CHAPTER IV

THE HIDDEN IMPULSE.

Beyond the veil which hid the secret of the pastor's righteousness; into that inner sanctuary of the man's heart where was the record of the covenant which he had made with his Creator, no human being save one ever passed. Only he, the priest of God, knew the mystery of the sacrifice which he had undertaken to make.

Yet the daughter realized that her father's powers were different from the faculties of the men and women who surrounded him. This was revealed to her daily. It was shown unmistakably in his familiar speech. A frequent occurrence it was to hear him make answer to some commonplace remark—some ordinary saying that apparently had connection with only every day things; in a manner which showed that his mind pierced through and went beyond the matters which other minds stopped to deal with; and laid hold of things of wholly different character. And yet sometimes when she was drawn by her

father's words to contemplate things spiritual and lasting, she was unconscious of being led; and thought that she was in a frame of mind natural to herself. But she could not commune with the pastor in reality. When she tried she signally failed.

"Father" said she one day, looking up from a book of poems which she was reading; "how often I have heard you say that the churches are not the real temples of God! Here is the thought put into poetry. Does it not give you pleasure to meet thus with a kindred mind? Listen:

> The groves were God's first temples, ere man learned
> To hew the shaft and lay the architrave
> And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
> The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
> The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,
> Amid the cool and silence he knelt down
> And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
> And supplication."

"The words are not true my dear," answered the pastor. "The groves were not God's first temples. God's first temples were the temples of liberty; those human forms in which dwelt the sons of God in that world which was in early times."

And then in almost inspired words the pastor talked to his daughter about those wondrous beings, for whose momentous history archæologists care

nothing; and of whom all traces, save the slight hints which the Bible contains, are lost. He spoke of the sons of God; and of their high estate before they had fallen to the estate of a world lying dead in trespasses and sins. He spoke of the hopeless condition of mankind until the day of Jesus the Resurrection; Jesus, that Son of God in whom the Heavenly Father is well pleased; that Son of God who kept His high estate—who finished the work that was given Him to do.

Then the pastor spoke of his own faith in Christ as a wonderful counsellor. He spoke of the hope which he possessed, that he too had received power to become one of the sons of God. He spoke of his desire to follow Christ; to be one of those blessed and holy ones who have part in the first resurrection; who are raised into a newness of life to be witnesses for Truth in this present evil world. And he spoke of the coming manifestation of the sons of God; of the surely approaching glory and power of those whose portion is now shame and humility.

The pastor had resolved that he would not allow himself to be robbed of his conviction that Jesus had the right conception of how men ought to treat their fellow-men. He believed that it is God's desire that the earth shall be peopled with men fashioned in the similitude of Christ; and he determined that he

would do nothing to thwart that desire. With a resoluteness equal to that with which his contemporaries used their faculties for the purpose of "getting on" in the world, and for the welfare of their homes; he determined that he would devote his powers to pressing onward in the kingdom of heaven, and for the welfare of that mansion of the blessed. He would turn obstacles into stepping-stones; and compel opponents to serve him, even as they do who gain a mastery in this world's affairs.

Yet he knew that to separate himself from the fashion of his surroundings; to make himself wholly out of place in the world—would not efface the record of opportunities misused and gone; nor free him from paying penalty. This was the great sorrow of his heart; a conviction which carried with it a grief deeper than any which loss of earthly friends or ease could sink him into; a sorrow which even entrance into Paradise could not remove.

Although to him should be spoken the words: "Well done thou good and faithful servant!"—yet never throughout all coming ages would he be numbered among the truest followers of Christ. Never—never while ransomed tongues continue to sing praises to Him who was, who is, and who evermore shall be, would his voice be permitted to mingle in the strains

of that song which none can learn save they who have been redeemed from among men to be the first fruits unto God. To bear testimony for Truth; and to be destitute, afflicted, tormented; to confess Christ before men and to know the world only as a wilderness of woe; to be submitted to every ignominy for the sake of the gospel of peace, and to be slain in its cause; all this, the pastor knew, would not gain him a place in that company where none are admitted save they who lay down virgin lives for the love of Jesus. This was his abiding sorrow.

This was also the hidden impulse that moved him ever onward. In days of careless ignorance, before the full meaning of Christ's gospel had been revealed to him, he had given his heart to an earthly being. He had married himself to a woman; knowing not, and caring not to know that they only are without fault before the throne of God, whose espousals have been made with Christ. But it was ordained that his ignorance should be replaced with enlightenment; his carelessness be turned into repentance. Years passed, and in due time He to whose keeping it had been committed by many prayers, knocked at the door of the erring heart to take possession. Too late! Too late! Behold the Bridegroom cometh—but alas! the wedding garment is not spotless. The bridal chamber

is not garnished and clean. Some there are "which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake;" and some there are who let their souls slumber while golden opportunities are passing; nor awaken until after impassable doors have closed between themselves and purity.

They who would be wholly consecrated to God must be sexually abstinent. Men and women who desire to have full communion with their Heavenly Father cannot have commerce with each other.

The people who made up the community where the pastor preached, were wholly ignorant of knowledge like this. They did not even know that when a man resolves to put an end to sin in the flesh—not only must he strive after personal righteousness; but he must also refrain from bringing into the world other beings who may be tempted into evil doing. The supporters of Union Tabernacle were not able to bear doctrines of this sort; for such are deadly poison to the victims of that process of churching of men and women which was growing popular in Bellicose a generation ago—that process which substitutes for the austere religion of Jesus a system of make believe.

It is true that men and women of Bellicose in former times had been familiar with this knowledge

and had been strengthened by it; but spiritual natures were now so degenerate in the supporters of Union Tabernacle, that they rejected with loathing the pastor's declaration that an ideal community cannot be where marriage is. Yet the same people listened without demur when he read that *"in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage."* True it is as the philosopher affirms: "That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction."

The pastor's daughter was so innocent that she was prepared to enter with one of the opposite sex into a relationship in which it would be her duty to hold herself in readiness to gratify his passions—she was about to do this, fully believing that she was entering into *holy* bonds.

With God all things are possible. Although it was decreed before the beginning of time that Jesus must be slain; yet the prayer uttered in Gethsemane shows that it was possible for the cup of woe to pass from the lips of Christ. It was in God's power to open for His beloved Son some way of finishing His work—other than the appointed way of Calvary. With God all things are possible. Although the Scriptures declare that the highest knowledge of the Supreme

Being vouchsafed to men—the closest communion with Him, granted to them—is given only to such as have kept their virginity; yet the pastor knew that God can, if it is His pleasure to do so, prepare some new way to fit men for the greatest privilege which He has opened for them.

Trusting in God, and in His omnipotence, the pastor resolved that he would strive to make his great mistake his last error; and that thenceforward he would labor to keep himself free from spot or wrinkle or any such thing. He resolved to put away everything opposed to God; to connect himself with nothing opposed to the kingdom of heaven. All laws of his nature, which worked in any way to establish in his body conditions that would oppose the commandments of his Maker, he resolved to trample down without remorse. All laws made by his fellow-men, which tended in any way to bring about conditions that would make of none effect the laws of the kingdom of heaven, he resolved to violate without scruple.

He began to put his resolutions into practice; and he began to pay the penalty that is always paid by the man who sets at naught popular tenets and contemns his social surroundings. He persevered; and matters steadily grew worse. From believing him to be queer

in his views on some matters, men grew into a habit of speaking of him and to him as though they believed him wrong-headed about everything. They seemed to think that he needed advice, instruction and correction at all times. Whatever the subject was, upon which he spoke, they hastened to find fault with his statements. To correct him—to contradict him—to put him down—was always in order. As to his convictions about matters of religious duty, men strove hard to turn him aside from the destruction towards which they said his feet were turned. They advised him to abandon the stand which he had taken—speaking as though it was a position which he had fallen into by accident—telling him to anchor his mind; to stop drifting; and holding themselves always ready to show him that the right was wholly different from the conception which he had formed of it; always ready to prove to him that he ought to look at the world through their eyes.

But the pastor could learn nothing from teachers who tried to impart knowledge of man, without knowing what is in man. He saw men as they really are; and knew that they are consistent only in that their logic and desires run the same way. The jangling of their discordant lives could not allure him whose ears were listening to the harmonies of the kingdom of

heaven. Their own self-contradictory words and acts had driven him to ask if consistency can be found anywhere; to search for it and find it in the words and the life of Christ. How then could the words of such men now move him?

That such a belief as their pastor's could be the result of sincere and accurate thinking, was an idea which the supporters of Union Tabernacle could not by any possibility entertain. They would have given their minds over to any delusion rather than accept his doctrine. It was a belief which they would not have known what to do with if they had possessed it.

In their minds the kingdom of heaven was so etherealized, that to hear it spoken about as though it was a genuine presence; to hear it spoken of in comparison with the American union, as though it was just as close at hand; was to them like hearing the talk of a person possessed by hallucinations. "The kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation," they said. They had lifted it up; they had put it out of sight. They had relegated it to the domain of intangibilities; they had transferred it to a place beyond the sky and farther away than the stars. They did not know that it had been established on the earth by Christ during His lifetime. "After Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death" was their belief, "Thou didst open the

kingdom of heaven to all believers." And yet they said of the pastor, that from constant brooding about death and the hereafter, his mind had become filled with morbid ideas.

Nevertheless, he was not deluded. He knew that any and every dominion to which human beings are loyal, has its real abiding place in the hearts of men and women. He knew that there, in the hearts of men and women, the kingdom of heaven is, when established, just as actual as is the American union in its real abiding place. He knew that the evidences which follow the establishment of the kingdom of heaven are as clearly apparent as are the evidences of the existence of the American union.

"You believe, my friends"—the pastor often said, "that there is a place far away to which Christians go when they leave this earth; a place where all is peace and love; a place where no violence is ever done. That place is far away from you only as long as you keep it so. When you will it, it is close at hand. Die to the ways of this world to-day, my friends. Enter into the kingdom of heaven now; and do no more violence than you think souls ought to do after they have passed through the gates of the Celestial City."

The pastor had separated his interests so thoroughly from the interests of his neighbors, that he was able

to think and speak of the doings of the upholders of the American union as freely as of the acts of a band of evil doers at his antipodes. He declared that of all evil spirits that have ever taken possession of men for the purpose of opposing the kingdom of heaven, the spirit of American independence is one of the worst.

He proclaimed the American union as a union of hearts joined together in hatred of the Author of liberty, to kill thoughts of man's duty to God; to put the mind of man above the mind of Christ; to degrade and insult Jesus; to enthrone and worship the devil. He proclaimed the American union as a union of hands joined together to desecrate, defile and destroy every temple of liberty; and to fashion cunning snares so that the souls of the very elect may be entrapped by Satan. He renounced that union of hearts and hands. He denounced it vigorously and unsparingly—saying that in the kingdom of heaven only doth freedom dwell; and that the true temple of liberty is the body of that man or woman whose heart is filled with love for the Heavenly Father; and whose life is obedience to His commandments.

But the supporters of Union Tabernacle were far from renouncing their allegiance to the American union. "We must render unto Cæsar," they cried, "the things that are Cæsar's!" Which was exactly

what their pastor kept charging them to do; saying that they ought not to render unto Cæsar the fealty which belongs unto God.

Thus men continued to say their say at the pastor; making conditions in which it was dangerous to uphold truth, and advising him not to touch disturbing questions—recommending the policy of letting sleeping dogs lie. They who had educated their lips only to be glib in justifying and defending themselves, said of him who had taught his mouth to justify God, and to be steadfast in defense of Truth, that his tongue was just long enough to cut his own throat. They said that he did not know enough to care for his own interests; that he was more insignificant than a nobody.

But the interests of Truth were well placed, being in his care. Ambition! Energy! Stamina! To the very degree to which they who gain a mastery in this world's affairs despise him who lacks these qualities, the pastor determined that he would loathe every weakness and tendency toward fearfulness. And the resoluteness with which men drive out of their minds thoughts of their souls' departure from their bodies, he determined to equal and surpass in driving out of his heart every thought not belonging to eternal life. Even as hearts that are fixed on worldly success, in-

stinctively reject every thought that opposes their course as soon as it is presented, so he determined to teach his heart to do for the cause of Christ. Resolving to especially beware of that trait which is so prominent in the composition of human character and which is so fatal to trust in Jesus—the tendency toward accommodating self to its surroundings.

The man who knows that it is entirely within the limits of possibility for circumstances to arise which will make his neighbors ready and eager to tear him limb from limb, cannot feel at any time any great desire to enter into close association with his neighbors. The bonds which had once held the pastor to his fellow-men were irrevocably broken, and he knew it. Others did not recognize the fact as yet; and still looked on him as a man who might be reclaimed from the error of his way. Although he had exasperated them beyond measure, they still bore with him and labored for his reformation. At any time of day, on any street in Bellicose, he could have found men wearing that expression of countenance which people assume when they feel called upon to discipline somebody; and eager to tell him that the bitterness which his heart knew so well, was of his own mixing. And so indeed it was. He had deliberately chosen to suffer affliction with the people of God.

There were some who, calling themselves sympathetic, offered help from time to time by suggesting as something new to him, thoughts whose influence it was his daily struggle to overcome. Others, who said that they were liberal-minded, told him that doubtless the far distant future would be a day such as he desired to see; but that his ideas were impracticable for his day; that he was far ahead of his times. To this he replied that peace had dwelt upon the earth already; that good will to men was perfectly manifested nearly two thousand years ago.

The supporters of Union Tabernacle truly believed that they believed in the Prince of Peace; and made many professions of their faith in and love for Him. In their experience meetings they frequently told how God's mercy had converted them from a love of the things of the world to a love for Christ. They said feelingly that their hearts had been renewed by divine grace; and that they rejoiced because they had been led into the marvelous light of the gospel. Who could show them that the light of the gospel was a light which they shrank from; an illumination which they hated? Who could teach them that the glad tidings of grace, mercy and peace to men, was the message above all others which their hearts were hardened against; the message above all others which their lips refused to

utter? Not their pastor; for they were determined to teach him.

He could not show them that while they professed to be walking in light they were groping in darkness. He could not show them that while they were calling Christ their Master; and singing loud hosannas in His praise; and declaring that His kingdom shall have no end—they were crucifying Him afresh. He could not teach them that while they were glorifying Him and magnifying Him in words and phrases; and professing great love for the Name that is above every other name—they were putting Him to open shame. No one could teach them these things. They had buried the Christ out of sight; and were hoping that He would never rise again. They had hidden the Word of God under meaningless interpretations; and had learned to number among Christian acts and exercises, the imprisonment and slaughter of their fellow-men.

The supporters of Union Tabernacle believed that they believed in Christ; they did not really believe in Him. They did not hope that they might be made like Him; so strong in righteousness as to be able to deal with men without using force or violence. They did not trust Him as a chosen leader. They did not think that it was necessary to follow Him. "Jesus

paid it all" was the thought in the heart of each—"all the debt I owe." All their debt of obedience to God having been paid by Christ, there was no need for them to obey God's will. They put their thought into words and said it to their pastor when he spoke to them about the life of non-resistance to evil-doers which Jesus lived on earth. "That was His mission" they said. "He was sent on earth to live the very life which He did live." That it was their mission also to live and die as Christ had lived and died; that they too ought to have in them a life conceived by the Holy Spirit; that they too ought to be born without sin; to suffer; to be crucified, and die the death of malefactors—was a thought which they would not admit to their hearts. When it was offered for their consideration by the pastor, they scouted it—and called him a pessimist of the very worst type. They wanted him to be so full of foolish optimism as to believe that men can work for a millennium, by putting themselves in antagonism to the laws of Christ.

Finally the postmaster, although not a supporter of Union Tabernacle, became so incensed at the pastor's persistence in setting men's duty plainly before their eyes, that he changed the opinion which he had expressed to the trustee, and said that the pastor was the "worst dispositioned" man he had ever known.

Plainly the pastor's field was a hard one; but he wrought valiantly. If he ever grew faint-hearted; if he ever felt as though he would grow weary of well doing—he was awakened to new zeal by the thought that if his soul should die, men would go about their business as calmly as if no calamity had fallen on the community. If his lips should become silent, Truth would not have a witness in all Bellicose. All other lips were sealed. And Truth's enemies never faltered; never showed signs of weariness. Every morning they arose with renewed determination to do the will of their father, the devil; and every evening saw their tents pitched one day's march nearer to perdition; saw their hearts more fully opened to thoughts that end in violence and murder. Why then should the advocate of peace grow weak hearted! Let him learn perseverance from the vigor with which the children of Satan pursue their purpose. Let him make helpers of their never-tiring ardor and zeal.

Strengthened by thoughts like these, the pastor continued to manifest Christ to men, by striving to do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven; and men continued to countenance, uphold and strengthen each other in striving by their words and acts to nullify his endeavor. They continued to answer his words, by saying things wholly foreign to his declara-

tions; by asserting that he had stultified himself; and by laughing his doctrine to scorn among people who showed signs of having honestly inclined hearts. They used every method and device which the ephemera employ in striving to break down and wear out the souls of those who would inhabit eternity. Not one was omitted, as men pressed around the pastor—trying to stifle the life that was in him by aid of the death that they carried in their own bodies. Albeit they were not so dead, that they were not pricked with a consciousness that there was in him a likeness of the Master in whom they professed to believe.

For death, life has no feeling that is not associated with repugnance and loathing. All the life that there is in the living, shrinks and draws away horror-stricken from the precincts of death. The pastor longed with all the yearnings of his soul, for the coming of the time when he should be summoned to leave the presence of that which was becoming to him more and more abhorrent. And in men's eyes his countenance became changed. Outside his redeemed and liberated soul was a form which men hated. And in the hearts of his enemies steadily gathered a malignity toward him; whose intenseness it needed only the lapse of time to make evident.

The pastor was alive and free. Around him were

men in bondage and dead. And the dead knew not the living. Neither did the daughter know that it was life and freedom that made her father different from other men. She was far from knowing it. She thought that he had death in his soul.

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead—"

she repeated, time and time again—

"Who never to himself hath said:
'This is my own, my native land!'"

Her father had never said it. Her own father was dead to all the feelings of patriotism which other men glory in. America, the land of the true-hearted and free; the thought of whose very name sent a thrill through her whole being—was powerless even with the might of all its matchless history, to awaken in her father's breast one spark of a feeling of sonship. Oh, the hopelessness of such death! How she had striven to overcome it! Again and again in countless different ways, she had tried to kindle in her father's heart the flame of loyalty.

She came to him all aglow with pride, one day, to read from a newspaper an account of unflinching heroism and unquenchable patriotism shown by some of her countrymen, who had been cast into the jaws of destruction; who had sunk with flying colors into a watery grave. She thought that such a record of

what patriotism can make men do, could not fail to draw from the lips of any man, responsive praise.

A terrible storm had swept a foreign port where vessels of many nations were gathered. For hours—throughout daylight and darkness, and into angry day again—the seamen had struggled and fought against an inevitable doom. Torn from their anchorage and driven hither and thither by mighty winds; beaten, battered and broken by giant waters; the vessels, gallant through all, had clashed one against another; had been thrown helpless on ragged reef, or foundered on sandbar. Every officer had stood at his post; every seaman had done his duty. But grand above all, where bravery was a common possession, was the bravery shown by the sailors who manned a certain American vessel. She, rent asunder by another ship that had been thrown against her, went down; went down carrying hearts true as steel. She sank under the sea with the American colors flying in triumph. She went down with band playing "The Star Spangled Banner." She went down with every man at his post of duty. And as she sank, sailors aloft on other vessels gave cheer on cheer, in voices that rose above the roar and thunder of the storm.

"She is queen of the world, father!" exclaimed the daughter, with heaving bosom; with eyes flashing

through tears; and with cheeks aflame. "America, the queen of the world! Her men are the bravest, the most loyal and true! All nations acknowledge it; all nations do her honor."

Then the pastor told his daughter that the children of the resurrection—they who have been born into the kingdom of heaven—do not compare the dominions of the world with each other, but with the dominion of Christ. "The patriotism which led those men, my dear, whom you have just read about"—he said—"to die heroic deaths; to go down undismayed to graves beneath the waters—leads men also to maim and slaughter their fellow-men; to follow the flag which they believe in, through seas of human blood. The star spangled banner calls on the upholders of the American union to be always ready to shed the blood of their fellow-men. Against the commandment of Almighty God and against His majesty. The banner of Jesus calls on men to prepare themselves to lay down their own lives for love of their fellow-men. I am enlisted under the peaceful banner of Christ. The flag of the American union, I abhor."

CHAPTER V.

CAST OUT OF FELLOWSHIP.

THE pastor was not a man to fill a theological pulpit; that was as clear as noonday. He utterly refused to be tempted into becoming one of those who shut up the kingdom of heaven, neither going in themselves nor permitting others to enter. His doctrines were all strange and meaningless to the people of Bellicose. When the supporters of Union Tabernacle petitioned him to insist that they who pass away from the earth without having gone through the form of baptism by water, are doomed to everlasting hell; quoting the text: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God;" he asked his petitioners if they did not think that when a man begins to drink of the waters of everlasting life, he is being born of water. When men asked the pastor to preach hell fire as actual flames, such as are perceptible to human senses; he asked them in return if their conception of the river of life was of actual water, such as the natural vision of man can see; or of a flowing of peace and righteousness.

When men catechised the pastor as to his belief in the Trinity, he said that his belief in the Three in One: the Way, the Truth, and the Life—in Christ Jesus could not be shaken. When men asked him to say definitely whether or not he believed in the divinity of Christ; whether or not he believed in Jesus as God embodied; he said that he believed in Jesus Christ as infallible; as Truth personified. And when the supporters of Union Tabernacle sang that the veins of a sinless being had been opened to pour out a fountain of blood for sinful beings to plunge into and be made clean; their pastor told them that the declaration of their hymn was an untrue one; that it was founded on a misconception of the meaning of that prophecy written in the Scriptures, which says: "There shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." He told them that the fountain which had been opened in fulfillment of prophecy was the well of water springing up into everlasting life, which Jesus revealed to the woman of Samaria.

The pastor was a man who was constantly striving to turn the supporters of Union Tabernacle from their habit of straining at gnats and swallowing camels. A man he was, whose life was one continuous effort to remove the landmarks which the fathers of the support-

ers of Union Tabernacle had set. "Just as if," as Mr. Kitto frequently remarked, "he is determined not to believe anything that the church of Christ believes, because the church of Christ cannot believe what he claims to believe."

He was declared to be unorthodox in every particular; yet he still clung to his belief that it is orthodox to walk in the footsteps of Jesus. A man he was, who tried continually to impress upon his hearers this: Until men believe the earthly things which Jesus taught, they cannot understand heavenly things. A man he was, whose usefulness as a teacher and a preacher in Bellicose had ceased; and whose term of office was rapidly drawing to a close. Such was the opinion which the trustees and deacons had come to, very sorrowfully, they said—after their unsuccessful visit to the pastor.

Nevertheless, they determined to give the man still one more opportunity to withdraw his odious declarations, and to reinstate himself. To that end they determined to draw up a set of charges against their pastor; lay them before the supporters of Union Tabernacle, and cite the culprit to appear and answer. He must either recant his heresies before the supporters of Union Tabernacle, and show signs of repentance; or his pulpit must be declared vacant. More than once it

had been more or less quietly suggested to him, that as his attitude was detrimental to the upbuilding of Zion he ought to retire from the ministry; but his invariable reply had been, that his desire was not to draw together a large congregation; but to be a witness for Truth.

No other church in Christendom, the supporters of Union Tabernacle declared, would have borne with a pastor as they had with theirs. Just think of it! A man pledged by the most solemn vows to stand up for the Bible, making most venomous and public attacks upon it. Not satisfied with denouncing the Christian belief of his befrienders; not even satisfied with denouncing his friends themselves; he tries to bring into public contempt Christianity as a whole; he tries to undermine the very foundations of Christian faith. He denounces the Holy Bible; that book which was written by men divinely inspired; that book which is a perfect treasure of heavenly instruction; that book which has truth without any mixture of error for its matter; that book which shall remain to the end of the world the true center of Christian union; that book which is the only true and inspired Word of God.

The trustees and deacons held that the course which they had determined to pursue in regard to their pastor's case was the only course open to them. His sayings were being noised abroad. His relation-

ship to his flock was becoming a notorious scandal. Union Tabernacle was a stench in men's nostrils; as any church would be, if its pastor denounced his congregation as the slaves of Satan. He was always harping on that. Why did he not denounce a slavery which was actual, and in operation in another part of the land?—that enslavement of men, women and children of the negro race, which was agitating liberty-loving pulpits everywhere. Why did he not point to real sins which other people were committing; and preach against them? Why should he be forever bringing baseless charges against his own friends? The thing had gone on long enough; it could not be endured any longer.

So a notice was served on the pastor that charges against him would be laid before the supporters of Union Tabernacle at their next business meeting; and he was requested to be ready to answer them. A copy of the charges, with specifications, was served on him at the same time.

In the indictment were minor charges of conduct unbecoming to a minister of the gospel; of declarations having been made which could not possibly be reconciled with any but atheistic doctrines; of assertions which were calculated to ensnare unwary and feeble believers, to give offense to such as desired to

be fed with the sincere milk of the Word, and to bring into discredit Christian faith and doctrine. As to specifications of times and places, a statement followed saying that the evils had not been done in the dark; and that attestations of witnesses were unnecessary, the thing being a matter of notoriety.

But the great charge made against the pastor was blasphemy; in that he did upon the evening of a certain day, the date whereof was mentioned—in his own study, a place which ought to be almost as hallowed a spot as the consecrated sanctuary itself—in the hearing of witnesses whose names were affixed: "speak grievous things against the Holy Bible, namely: He said that it is counterfeit, spurious and unworthy of belief. Only an infidel heart could prompt a man to rush in where angels would not dare tread, and criticise the Word of God. Only a mind puffed up with atheistical conceit could lead a man to thus set himself up in opposition to his Creator, who when He was on earth said, not only that the Scriptures are true and wholly worthy of belief; but also that they have in them eternal life. To take away anything from the Word of God is to take away everlasting life from men; wherefore he that doeth it is accursed of God, even as St. John teacheth when he saith: 'If any man shall take away from the words of

this Book, God shall take away his part out of the book of life.' Nothing but an utterly blinded heart, and a wholly deluded mind could lead a man to believe that he can destroy any part of the Word of God; for God Himself when He in the person of Christ was among men, said: 'The Scripture cannot be broken.'"

The indictment then pointed out, that as "the Bible was written under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost, therefore to denounce it is to blaspheme against the Holy Ghost. It is to commit that great sin which, Jesus said, will not be forgiven in this world or in the world to come."

"Wherefore, brethren," ran the conclusion—"in view of the enormity of the offence committed by our pastor; in view of the great reproach which he has brought upon the cause of Christ; and in view of the great desire which we have for the welfare of Zion; we lay these charges before you. We would be shirking our plain duty, were we to refrain from pointing out to you that a man whose affiliations are with those who are accursed of God, is totally unfit to occupy the position of preacher of the Word of God. We have cited our pastor to appear before you in answer to these charges which we bring against him; and to show why his pulpit ought not to be declared vacant. But we earnestly and devoutly hope that so extreme

a step on the part of the church may be providentially averted; that our misguided brother may even at this eleventh hour be brought to see the error of his way; and that rejoicing may take the place of the sorrow which now possesses our souls."

Under the rules of order of Union Tabernacle, every adult member of its congregation was entitled to a vote at business meetings. Ordinarily, very few members of the congregation availed themselves of this privilege; and the transaction of business was left to those who had been received into full fellowship. But the night of the pastor's trial showed a full house. Every man and every woman who was in any manner a supporter of Union Tabernacle; and every one who had at any time been a supporter, was present. And many more, whose curiosity had led them to a spot where they could be spectators of the bursting of the storm.

The bolt is about to fall. The man, over whose head threatening clouds have been gathering for so long a time, is soon to be stricken by their fury. All Bellicose wants to be present. The supporters of Union Tabernacle have done nothing which they desire to cover up; neither do they intend doing anything which they would not willingly let all the world see done; therefore why should their doors shut out any

one? Throw them wide open! Let all people know how vigilant are the guardians of Zion's walls in Bellicose. Justice is to be meted out at last, after so long tarrying. The hour of Nemesis is come. Every seat is filled and every aisle; while in and about the open doorway are clustered thick the lovers of equity. Though the mills of God grind slowly yet they grind; and the man who has sneered at the loyalty of Bellicose; the man who has scouted its patriotism, and poured contempt and obloquy without stint upon memories enshrined and sacred, is now in the hall of judgment.

By virtue of his office the pastor was moderator of business meetings; and occupied that position this evening until the regular routine work had been disposed of. He then vacated the chair.

It was moved and seconded that a moderator be elected by ballot to fill the vacancy. This motion was carried. After the vote had been cast it was found that the choice had fallen upon Mr. Kitto; who thereupon took the chair. He said that the business to be taken up was the matter of the charges which had been made against the pastor of Union Tabernacle. It was moved and seconded that the charges be read, and that the pastor be asked to make answer to them. This motion also was carried.

The moderator read the charges and then informed

the pastor that the church awaited his answer.

For a moment there was profound silence. Then the pastor took the floor. He said that the words which he had spoken in his study upon the night in question, to the trustees and deacons—and which words were misconstrued in the indictment—he had said at other times in other places to other people, many of whom were now before him. Heads in the audience were nodded in corroboration as the pastor said this; and signs of consciousness in many faces declared: "The witnesses are here."

That he should be called a blasphemer by his own people, the pastor went on to say, cut him deeply. But he remembered that when He who grew up as a root out of dry ground was wounded in the house of His friends, He too was called an utterer of blasphemy.

"Dry ground!" said the pastor. "How expressive is that term when applied to the times in which Christ lived. How well too it characterizes these times in which we are living. What was there in the words of the religious teachers of Christ's time that pointed out God's will to men? Nothing. That prophecy was being fulfilled which says: 'Many pastors have destroyed my vineyard, they have trodden my portion under foot, they have made my pleasant portion a desolate wilderness.' What is there in the teachings of

the religious instructors of our day that points out the Word of God to man ? What nourishment is there for the trees of the Lord which He hath planted, to feed upon—in this dry and thirsty land where no water is?"

The speaker, taking a Bible in his hand, held it up so that all could see it.

"Whether this book is, or is not inspired, my friends," he said, "is not to the point. Satan is inspired to do the work that he has to do. You must believe that; for this Bible tells you that God says that He creates evil. This Bible is a book which is known as the Word of God; a book which all who call themselves Christians reverence and glorify. This is a book which men and women teach their children to adore; a book which people call Holy. He is a venturesome man who, in a community such as we live in, lifts up his voice against this book. He is bold indeed who couples any declaration of this book with the word falsehood; yet that is what I have already done; that is what I again do here and now; and that is what I shall continue to do as long as God gives me power."

A ripple of excitement ran through the audience as the pastor uttered these words; and faces which had been showing only interest and expectation, darkened with unmistakable signs of displeasure.

The pastor bows his head upon his hand to shut out the spectacle before him. Again a feeling is upon him which has at times taken possession of him during his recent experiences. The events which are transpiring around him—are they actual? More and more they seem like the movement of scenes which have no connection with his own veritable life; like something which must be looked upon and which must be finished, before something which is now hidden can be made manifest. The men and women actors—are they real? Moved as they are by impulses wholly unlike those which he obeys; and answering as they do unhesitatingly and unfailingly the influences which inspire them; more and more they seem like beings of an order wholly different from his own; and devoid of the power of doing any work save that which they have been appointed to do; unable to choose any course of action apart from that which they are impelled upon. And events following events seem in their aspects more and more familiar to him; as though he has been prepared for their advent; as though he has known beforehand all that is to follow. Have his experiences been all foretold; or are they a repetition of something which has already happened—something which he has met before?

The scenes are old, oh pastor. The annals of time

know them well. Towards Truth's advocates the servants of Satan have no power to take any attitude other than that into which they are driven by their master. And their doings are but part of a fore-ordained and foretold plan which makes all things work out good for the friends of righteousness. Time and time again, have lovers of Truth been thus set apart from those who, having their outward form and likeness, have none of their similitude. Time and time again, have they who have chosen to be strangers to the world been thus separated from their surroundings, taught to forsake the abodes of death, and rise into realities to receive the fulness of life eternal.

Look up then, pastor! The Word of God has redeemed thy soul; redeem thou the Word of God. Rescue the Christ from that oblivion in which He has been buried by servants of the Evil One.

The pastor lifts his head, and in these words continues his answer:

"Hear me my friends. I believe in the Word of God wholly, utterly, devoutly. But it is impossible for me to believe that the Bible is the Word of God. I do not believe that the Word of God has had or can have a double and contrary expression. I cannot believe that, can you? There is but one Word of God: the Word that was put into the highest possible form

of expression; that was written in human flesh and revealed in Christ Jesus. Compare the utterances of that Word, with some of the utterances of the book which men call the Word of God. Behold Jesus, teaching that God is the Father of mankind; and that all men are brethren. Behold the Bible where it says that God has commanded men to kill their fellow-men. My friends, do you believe that God ever told any of His children to kill other of His children, their own brethren? You believe it if you believe in the Bible; but if you believe in the Word of God you spurn the declaration and brand it a hellish lie as I do, here and now.

"Think of the misery; think of the suffering; think of the bloodshedding that that black lie is answerable for! Think of the men who while professing to be believers in Christ, have been influenced by the Bible to believe that conditions can arise which make it the duty of men to slay their fellow-men. Think of that! Find an endorsement of that belief in the Word of God if you can. Behold the Word of God, Jesus, amid surroundings which called for violence and bloodshedding, if they were ever called for on earth; behold Him, saying always by precept and by example: *'Love your enemies.'* Saying also: *'I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me.'*

And saying: '*I do nothing of myself.*' And again: '*He that sent me is true; and I speak to the world those things which I have heard of Him.*' And again, most convincing of all: '*The Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works.*'

"Where shall we go for the words of eternal life if Christ's words are meaningless? You profess to believe in Christ, my friends; you profess to believe in Him as very God. Is God unknowing; is He not omniscient? If Christ is God, as you affirm, was it not in wisdom that He spoke when He taught men how to find the Scriptures? '*They are they,*' He said, '*which testify of me.*' In those passages of the Bible which declare that God has commanded men to slay their fellow-men, is knowledge given of Christ? I tell you, no! but by their power Satan has been lifted up in the place of God the Father Almighty. Who will help me tear the usurper down! Who will help me lift up Christ the Truth, that all men may be drawn unto Him; that all men may be believers in Him whose vesture is dipped in the blood of His martyrdom; and whose name is called the Word of God!"

Again a wave of excitement passed over the audience of men and women, who all their lives had been talking about the Scriptures, without once asking: "How can the Scriptures be discerned?" Again dark

looks of anger swept over the faces which confronted the speaker. This was no recantation. This! The worst heresy—the most horrid blasphemy, that the pastor had ever uttered before was surpassed by what he was saying now. How dare he call the Holy Bible an instrument of the devil!

What came ye out for to see, oh generation of vipers? A reed shaken of the wind? Know ye not that the progress of the advocate of Truth is marked by ever increasing hostility to falsehood?

"Oh, love the Truth as it is in Jesus" said the pastor, in conclusion—"that you may be able to escape all the wiles of the devil. Though Satan should come to you as an angel of light; though he should robe himself in a garment whereon is written: 'holy;' though he should lie in wait for your souls even among the Scriptures—cast him out, my friends, cast him out.

"Do not think that Jesus is the Word of God only in a mystical sense; and that the name Word of God cannot be applied to Him with the meaning which men have when they apply it to the Bible. Christ only, is the Word of God in every sense in which that name can be used. Christ alone, has borne God's message to men. No message to men has come from God which does not speak to them as being given by

a Father who is perfect, to children whom He would make like unto Himself. If men believe in the Bible as the Word of God, they reject Christ. If they believe in Christ they cannot accept the Bible as the Word of God. Choose ye! Choose Him my friends whose throne is to endure for ever and ever. Do not fix your hearts on that which can endure only for a season. Believe in Christ; of whom God hath said: 'His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and His dominion is from generation to generation.' Choose ye, my friends!"

Alas! They had chosen. The pastor, as he looked into their faces, realized it; and knew that he was speaking in farewell. Slowly he passed down the aisle and toward the door. As he disappeared, the attention which had been fixed on his retreating form was turned to the moderator; and long sighs of relief were heard, as though a burden had been lifted from many hearts.

"Brethren and sisters," said Mr. Kitto, as he arose in his place—holding a manuscript in his hand, "you have heard our pastor's answer to the charges which have been made against him. Instead of expressing sorrow for his wicked words and showing signs of repentance, he has renewed his attacks on the Bible and has emphasized them. He has made them more

blasphemous than they were before. You are adults full grown"—he was reading from his manuscript—"It would be out of place for me to undertake to teach you, here and now, anything about the Bible; or to try to give you new views about it. You know full well all that can be truthfully said about it. From earliest childhood you have, each and every one of you, been instructed in it. You know what it is; you know where it came from; you know what it has done for mankind.

"It is needless that I should tell you that its great object is to give an account of this world both in its origin and government, as the work of an Almighty Creator always and everywhere present; and especially to exhibit the relation of man to this Creator; and in consequence of that relation, in what manner and with what hopes he ought to live and die. It is needless that I should dwell on the compass of the moral agency of the Bible, or speak of what it has contributed toward the mental life and culture of the great masses of human beings; of the phrases it has furnished for the sons of men to find expression of their joys and sorrows in; of the myriads whose imagination has fed upon its grand language, and been lifted up by draughts from its wondrous fountains. It is needless for me to tell you that from within its covers

have been furnished history, poetry, eloquence, rhetoric, logic and philosophy to thousands who knew no other book that represented an iota of these things. It is needless to tell you that so sublime is the conception it unfolds, of the Divine nature as a personal God exercising towards men the love and care of a parent to his offspring; and in the system of human duties springing therefrom; that on this consideration alone may rest its claim to being received as a direct revelation from heaven.

"It is needless, I say, for me to instruct you thus; for you know the Bible well. You know that it came from God; you love it, and will defend it as Christians should. All that the present emergency, therefore, calls on me to do—brethren and sisters—is to ask what you mean to do in the case of this man who persists in making scurrilous attacks upon the Word of God; and who strives his utmost to undermine its authority. But before you give your answer let me tell you an incident which happened to me many years ago; and which gave me that firm faith in the Bible which has ever since been mine.

"When a young man, I was examining with intense interest the evidences of the inspiration of the Bible. This led me to a careful reading of infidel objections; some of which greatly troubled me. Retiring one

night after wakeful hours of anxious thought, I fell asleep. I dreamed that I was at sea in a storm; the billows about to engulf the ship; on the deck of which were stored all the Bibles accessible to me. And suddenly came a mighty wave which, with the boom which it swept across the deck, bore from it every sacred volume, into the wild waves. The shock of the disaster awakened me in a perspiration from my agonizing agitation over the loss forever of the living oracles, to see the very Bible I had read a few hours before, lying on the table near; reflecting brightly the light of the unclouded moon. My grateful surprise brought to my relief a flood of tears. While having no superstitious regard for dreams, from the time of that experience I have had no unrest, or passing doubt of the divine authority of the Holy Bible."

If there had been any unrest or passing doubt in the minds of the supporters of Union Tabernacle, there was none now. Mr. Kitto's tale of a moonlight revelation had torn to shreds the pastor's argument; and the audience was a unit for his conviction.

A motion was made and quickly seconded, that the pulpit of Union Tabernacle be declared vacant; and that such vacancy begin upon a date which would be six months from the date of the present business

meeting. This suited the temper of the people exactly. Their pastor had been very leniently dealt with, by his friends, they said; and had flouted all indulgence. Six months would give him ample opportunity to find a new field of labor. The motion was then put to vote; and not one ballot was found that dissented from the resolution.

Thus the separation that existed between pastor and people, was made clearly manifest.

As was eminently fitting; for the supporters of Union Tabernacle were determined that Jesus should not rule over them, while the pastor belonged to the true Church of Christ; the church of apostolic descent —to whose members is bequeathed the apostles' legacy: the robes of martyrdom.

The meeting was dismissed after the people had sung the hymn beginning:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST APPEAL.

ALTHOUGH the conflict in which Truth and Falsehood oppose each other is a war of extermination, yet in that battle there seems to be in places, at times, a cessation of hostilities. There was a lull in Bellicose. Falsehood's legions, as if satisfied with their late victory, showed a disinclination to begin fresh onsets; and Truth's warrior, wearied by the stress which had been upon him, forebore to renew his assaults. He had been accounted worthy of the armor which he wore; and a commandment had been given to ministering spirits to prepare him for high honors; to lead him by still waters for a season and to restore his soul.

The battle was to be renewed with tenfold fury; and shortly. An epoch was ended; a mightier was at hand, and was being heralded by movements of preparation. Out of regions of darkness evil spirits were issuing; and into the hearts of the dwellers in the American union they were entering. From those black recesses whence came the thought that liberty can be attained by acts of violence, demons were

being sent to take full possession of men; to set them against each other; and to make them ready to drench the earth with each other's blood.

But the dweller in the kingdom of heaven was resting in quietness. Angels excelling in strength were imparting courage to his heart, and teaching him to fear not them which kill the body but are not able to kill the soul.

All abroad there was clamor and confusion. Satan's emissaries were seizing God's gifts to use them in the service of their master; so that the hearts of men might with greater celerity be prepared for full loyalty to him. Transmitters able to carry with lightning speed the thoughts of men—and which should have scattered broadcast among the dwellers in the American union the words pertaining to true liberty which had been spoken in Bellicose, to summon men to enter into the kingdom of heaven and find peace—were hurrying hither and thither, laden with the utterances of the pit of woe. And unseen by men and devils, but working with a power far mightier than their own, were flaming spirits of God—sent to harden men's hearts, and to open new doors in destruction. So that the time of Satan's discomfiture might be hastened. So that in Bellicose God's name might be glorified. So that in Bellicose a lover of

liberty might lay down his life triumphantly under the banner of Jesus, the true flag of freedom. So that in Bellicose the spirit of a just man might be caught up from the earth quickly, to be made perfect; and to dwell forever with the Lord.

The crisis in the affairs of the American union which the postmaster had refused to consider in his thoughts, was approaching in reality. Certain people who had previously acknowledged the sovereignty of the American union, were complaining that conditions which they were upholding under the name of liberty, were not conditions of liberty.

Not that the malcontents were really and truly beginning to hunger after liberty; they were wholly opposed to it. They wished to establish a dominion of certain ideas which were pleasant to themselves. That was what they meant when they spoke of desiring liberty; and when they said that the American union did not grant liberty to them.

The forefathers of the malcontents had inaugurated the American union as an establishment of liberty; and the malcontents themselves had proclaimed it as such. But notwithstanding the fact that they were beginning to throw discredit on the discerning powers of their forefathers, and on their own previous declarations, they did not for a moment imagine

that a doubt could be cast upon their forefathers' belief and their own belief as to the way to obtain liberty. They believed as firmly as ever that liberty can be attained by coercion and violence; and they were making ready to carry their belief into the field of practical action.

Although this tumult was beginning to raise a sympathetic commotion in Bellicose, it failed to disturb the repose which had fallen on the pastor. During the six months between the date of his dismissal, and the day appointed for that dismissal to take effect, his utterances were deemed wholly unobjectionable by the supporters of Union Tabernacle. And their behavior during that time showed evidences of nothing but kindly feeling. The excitement into which they were thrown by the storm which was gathering around them, and the sympathy which they felt for the fervid outbursts of loyalty which were becoming more and more frequent among upholders of the American union, they carefully refrained from showing in the neighborhood of the pastor.

Yet there was an occurrence near the close of the pastor's term of office which was in sharp contrast to the pacific interim; and which deserves to be recorded.

Thinking that it would be good for their prosperity

to have a new preacher ready to fill the pastor's place as soon as he should retire, the supporters of Union Tabernacle entered into communication with several candidates, with that end in view. Finding a man who gave promise of pleasing them, they requested the pastor to yield up his pulpit for a Sunday and give the applicant an opportunity for trial.

The newcomer proved to be all that the most ardent patriot could desire. He made the walls of Union Tabernacle ring again with his appeals to loyal upholders of the American union. Sentiment after sentiment; declaration after declaration, loaded with patriotism, he shot out of stentorian lungs in honor of the American union. Like loyal salutes they echoed and thrilled through the hearts of the men and women before him; and the supporters of Union Tabernacle knew that at last they had found a man after their own hearts: diligent in patriotism, fervent in belligerency, serving their lord.

No longer would the band of patriots which held possession of Union Tabernacle be an army divided against itself. With loyalty in rank and file it would be known as one of the country's sure defences. And that the new auspices might open with all honor, the colors of the American union were nailed fast behind the pulpit; there to remain.

Once more the hearts of the supporters of Union Tabernacle were filled with a determination to array their belief before the pastor's eyes. Once more the people were on fire to show the pastor evidences that his apostasy had done nothing to break the bonds of their unity; nothing to separate them from the faith that had been delivered to their fathers. The one opportunity to do so was at hand; for the coming Sunday would be the last one of the pastor's term of service. During the week, therefore, preparations were made; and Sunday morning saw the supporters of Union Tabernacle feverishly expectant, and wending their way from all parts of Bellicose to that temple where they were wont to assemble themselves together: "a peculiar people in the Lord," as Mr. Kitto frequently said.

As the pastor entered the pulpit and surveyed the congregation, he saw that the first row of pews before him—ranging from one side of the house to the other—was occupied by little girls belonging to the infant class of the Sunday-school. All of them were robed in white dresses; and each child wore also a sash of parti-colored ribbon—red and blue.

The organ finished its voluntary and immediately began a new strain. The children rose in their places; and passing out of the pews, arranged themselves, each with a Bible in her hand, beneath the

pulpit. Then facing the congregation, they sang in the pleasant tones of their youthful voices, the hymn beginning:

We won't give up the Bible
God's precious Book of truth.

The scene was surpassingly impressive to the congregation. "It symbolizes," Deacon Tristam whispered to his wife, sitting beside him—"the union of patriotism and religion; and reminds me forcibly of the text: 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.'"

The pastor remained seated until the demonstration was over; then rising in his place he announced the opening hymn. This was sung by the congregation. Then a chapter of the Bible was read by the pastor; who afterward offered a prayer. After that, the singing of another hymn took place.

It was customary with the congregation to remain seated while singing the first and second hymns; and to sing the last hymn, which always was sung after the sermon had been listened to—standing. But as the music of the second hymn dies away, to-day, and as the pastor—who is standing in his place to begin his address—is in the act of speaking, a trumpet-like sound issuing from the organ breaks in upon the regular course of proceeding. The congregation arises

and confronts the pastor; and suddenly, from organ, choir and people burst forth the strains of: "America."

How the people sing! Old men and maidens; young men, matrons and little children—are pouring forth with willing voices the words of the mighty song. And how the music of the organ swells above the voices—loud and grand. Pastor and people in their accustomed places; with patriotism and harmony triumphant at last in Union Tabernacle. What more would the people have? How they sing! The majestic strains thrilling through their hearts exalt and fill them with emotions—vague and overpowering at first—then shaping into distinct desires to do deeds mighty and noble. Oh that they might be enabled to do something that would help the pastor to see the truth as they see it! This is their prayer.

How they are singing! They are pouring out their very souls! Is there not a power in music which can accomplish what speech can not? Can it be possible that the verses which these people are singing—these verses which are giving satisfaction and joy to their hearts—have no power at all with the man who is standing before them! Oh, that he might see what they behold as they sing:

Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride!

They see a company of men and women, weak in numbers, but strong in the power which God gives to his servants—sailing over stormy seas, and landing on bleak, inhospitable shores. They see them fighting to subdue the unfriendly powers of nature; fighting to drive away disease; fighting to overpower the savage denizens of the wilderness; fighting against all the open and insidious approaches of death. They see them prospering in spite of the assaults of their many adversaries; and through all—giving thanks to God, whose servants they are. They see the seed of the righteous growing and thriving. They see them in new conflicts, and ever growing stronger. They see them taking the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and fighting against enemies who seek to fasten upon them the yoke of oppression. They see them starving and burned by summer suns; ill-clad and pierced by winter winds; and through all, fighting for God and for the right—for their families and for their homes. They see them conquering, and planting firmly the standard of liberty.

Let music swell the breeze!—

Aye, let it swell! Let it fill all the house! Let it swell outward and be caught up by a nation mighty and free! Let a myriad voices pour it forth again, a joyous tribute to Freedom!

Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake—

Where is the tongue that can keep silence! See the pastor where he stands—pale and motionless—shut in between the mighty walls of the temple of Liberty! Before him is a mighty phalanx instinct with her spirit; behind him, her flaming standard! Can he escape from her sweet and protecting care, now? Will not he yield himself to her at last, after so long a rebellion against her loving spirit?

Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty!
To Thee we sing—

"To Thy care, oh Father, do we commit this man; for verily Thou art the God that doest wonders. Break up his hard heart. Let the light of liberty shine in and through his dark soul." Breathing out this prayer, the people sing the last words of their song; having in their hearts feelings very different from those with which they arose to sing at the pastor their anthem of liberty.

"My friends" said the pastor, when the people had taken their seats—"I did not know what to say to you this morning. I had not prepared any sermon. It seemed as though everything that I could say to you I had already said. But as you sang your grand anthem, thoughts came thick and fast. My heart grew light and sang for joy. Yes! Though my lips moved

not, I too was singing; and my soul is singing now of the land of the true and brave, where men walk in the glorious liberty of the sons of God. I sing not of that country which you praise: the land of the spiritually dead, where men are in chains and darkness; a land where men crucify Christ and pray God to speed the right; a land where men deal violently with men, and are as Cain who was of the wicked one, and slew his brother—that is not a land of liberty. But of thee, oh land of life and good days; of thee, oh land of rest and peace; of thee, oh land where there is freedom from sin; of thee, oh land whose inhabitants walk in the light of the Sun of Righteousness; of thee, oh kingdom of heaven that suffereth violence; of thee, beloved country, where men are overpowered only by the might of God's holy spirit—

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

"This is the land to which I belong. This

Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride.

"My fathers were not as your fathers, oh friends. My fathers did not seize a part of the earth and drive other men away with violence and bloodshed. No! They were truly and honestly, pilgrims on the

earth. They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way and found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty their souls fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble and He heard them. They died unto the ways of the world; and behold they are alive forevermore!"

As the pastor spoke these words, how distinctly he saw it in his mind—the wide gulf that lay between his hearers and himself because of their different ancestry. He was born of Truth and knew his lineage; but they—believing that through natural parentage is the real descent of man—knew no more whence they had come than did those people to whom Christ said: "Ye are of your father the devil."

"Land of the noble free,"

said the pastor—

"Thy name I love—

"Land of the noble army of martyrs—I love thee with an everlasting love. If I forget thee oh Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

I love thy rocks and rills—

"The Rock of my salvation; the everlasting hills from whence cometh my help; and thy streams of righteousness, by whose side the sons of liberty walk

with God. He that hath mercy on them leadeth them; even by the streams of water He guideth them. Therefore all ye who desire freedom—ho, every one that thirsteth—come ye to the waters. Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

"Land of liberty—kingdom of heaven—how fair and how pleasant art thou, oh love for delights! Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song!

"The trees of the Lord are full of sap; for there He hath commanded His blessing; that they might be called trees of righteousness—the planting of the Lord. Blessed art thou, oh son of liberty; thou who art not entangled by the counsel of the ungodly. Yea it is written: 'Blessed are the meek.' But the ungodly are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. They think that they can possess the earth by violence. They speak great words against the Most High, who says that the meek shall inherit the earth. They think to change His times and laws—that they can do evil, and that good will unfold from their acts. They think that God can be mocked; that men can reap what they do not sow. They scout the laws of

Christ, and say that they believe in the perseverance of the saints. They slay their enemies and proclaim that they are working for the things that pertain to peace on earth and good will among men.

Let mortal tongues awake—
Let all that breathe partake!

"Awake, awake—put on thy strength oh Zion! So shall the king greatly desire thy beauty, for He is the Lord; and worship thou Him. All ye inhabitants of the world and ye dwellers on the earth, see ye when He lifteth up an ensign on the mountains. He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth. In His days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth. Yea though the sons of liberty are few and weak on the earth now, yet fear not, little flock—it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Though there is to-day but an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall yet shake like Lebanon.

"Go through—go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people. Cast up—cast up the highway. Lift up a standard for the people. Proclaim liberty throughout all the land—unto all the inhabitants thereof. For all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."

"Ah," said the supporters of Union Tabernacle—as the pastor began to translate the sentiments of their patriotic anthem, essaying once more to raise their minds to the level of eternal verities—"he is at it again; setting the whimsical up for the real."

But shortly they began to be astonished. The light which he was throwing upon familiar texts of the Bible made them stand out with a newness that was notable and startling. Could it be possible—they began to ask themselves—that the second advent of Christ, which they had been taught to think of, only with fear and trembling—was identical with the dawn of liberty? Could it be possible that the day of judgment would bring with it the very thing that the inhabitants of the earth were yearning for? At the instant it seemed as though the understanding of the supporters of Union Tabernacle was about to open; and that they would learn why Christ is called the "Desire of all nations"—that they would learn why it is that the judgments of the Lord are more to be wished for than gold—why they are sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. For a moment it seemed as though the supporters of Union Tabernacle had grown able to see Truth.

Ah, had such been the case indeed! Had the people who were listening to the pastor been fully resolved

to be liberated from the thralldom of Satan; and had they gone forth born into the kingdom of heaven—born into a determination to manifest Christ's gospel of peace; the miseries, the horrors, the bloodshedding toward which men were speeding might have been escaped. On the eve of that outbreak which upholders of the American union call the war of the rebellion against their government, but which is called in the spiritual tongue by a name far different, a nation might have been born in a day into that liberty wherewith Christ makes men free. Accursed of God and renounced by men, the American union would have fallen back into that nether darkness out of which it arose to defy the Almighty. But it was not to be. The time had not arrived for the conversion of this world to Christ. The dispensation had not closed, during which the gospel of Christ is being preached only for a witness.

The pastor spoke again: "Your father's god—to whom you sing—can never make a land bright with Freedom's holy light; for he is the prince of darkness. Satan is the god to whom you appeal when you invoke the god of your fathers. Satan—who fed your fathers, and who is feeding your fathers' children on lies. 'In union is strength,' he teaches; and you believe him. You trust in his word, although the

Bible in which you profess to believe says to you: 'Trust ye in the Lord forever for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.'

"Then turn ye—turn ye—why will ye die! All the devices of the devil must come to naught. Though his children bind themselves together; though they join hand in hand, cement heart to heart, and declare that they shall stand because of their union; though they hail the prince of darkness as the Light of the world; though they fall down and worship the devil; though they declare that the words of their god are infallible, and preach them as a gospel of righteousness and power; though they hail the devil as the God of liberty, the only God, the God mighty to save—yet still does power and salvation belong to that God who is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. He is the true God. He is the only God. He is the Author of liberty. Give your hearts to Him. In the beginning He was; and in the end He shall be—when His enemies have been put down; and when every union which opposes his sway shall have been destroyed.

"Come then with me and I will do you good. Let us seek a home; let us build up a family; let us establish a nation—where foundations are everlasting—where filial obedience is given to God—and

where liberty dwells. The kingdom of heaven is the only home that it is our duty to battle for. The little company of souls who hear the Word of God and obey Christ's laws is the only family we are commanded to be loyal to. Let us break all the bonds and ties of Satan! Let us throw off all his entanglements! Let us destroy the American union———"

See! They are on their feet now, with wild denunciations upon their lips. They cannot abide realities—these men and women who a few moments ago seemed almost able to face Truth. They are ordinary human beings after all—proud-hearted, and hating ways and thoughts that are above their ways and thoughts as high as the heavens are above the earth. See their angry gestures! They threaten the pastor. They cry out loudly at him and to each other. But they do not silence him. Hark! He speaks again: "Loyalty to the American union is treason to Christ!"

Louder than his voice—louder than the voices of the people—is the cry of the hearts of the supporters of Union Tabernacle; listen to it!

"This man must be silenced! His words madden us! We hate Truth! We love a lie! Let us out—let us out from this man's presence, to nurse the darkness that is in our souls until it has driven out every

ray of light! Let us away from here to make ourselves ready to go such lengths upon the road that we have started on, that to return will be impossible!"

So ended the pastor's last attempt to work out a separation of Church and State in Bellicose.

"His words madden us!" How it is that the self-same words can say wholly different things to different people, is a wondrous mystery. The same words which say to those who are on Christ's right hand: "Come ye blessed"!—say to those who are on His left: "Depart ye cursed"! The same words that impelled the disciples of Jesus to enter into the kingdom of heaven, and find righteousness and peace —drove other men to do the foulest deed that has been done during all time

CHAPTER VII.

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

As THE disaffection deepened among the malcontents, and as the declaration was more and more frequently made by the people of Bellicose that the American union must and should be preserved, the pastor called attention more and more often to the fact that the upholders of the American union had always praised and glorified their own forefathers for doing what the malcontents were claiming the privilege of doing—establishing a dominion of ideas pleasing to themselves. He also called the attention of the people of Bellicose to the fact that their forefathers had made provision for emergencies like that which was arising; that they had published an acknowledgment of the right of men to withdraw from the American union when displeased with it—in their declaration that governments which are instituted among men, derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

But the pastor's timely and honest reminder did not serve at all to repair the breach which was between

him and the people of Bellicose. It angered them against him still more. They did not want to hear facts. They wanted to hear an echo of what was in their own hearts. They could not comprehend how a man could be lifted above the questions which agitated their hearts, and be beyond the influences of partisanship. Their minds being centered on themselves, they could not understand a man whose heart was fixed on Truth. In their belief everybody must be either for them or against them. The pastor was not a unionist; so of course he was a rebel.

Rebel—then, was the name applied to the pastor by the makers of public opinion in Bellicose. They denounced him openly in public places; and his name, which—had they known him as they ought—they never would have spoken save in tones of love, they taught men to couple with the most opprobrious epithet they could lay tongue to. Who so ungrateful, so black-hearted, so full of the spirit of all evil—in the minds of the people of Bellicose—as men whom they called rebels! There was a rebel in their own community; the worst rebel of all—for he was sinning against the highest light. Privileged to reap the benefit of the same opportunities, associations and influences which made all his neighbors loyal and stanch upholders of the American union—he turned

his back on patriotism; he outraged loyalty; he struck hands with his country's betrayers. Judas, spurning the sweet influences which ought to have made him a saint—was not worse than this man!

Thus it came to pass that the pastor—the man whose every word ought to have been listened to with deepest reverence—the man to whom children ought to have been brought, that he might bless them with his teachings—was never talked about in any part of Bellicose, in any circle—from high to low—except as an abandoned character. And in the lowest circles of the low—where the word manhood had no more meaning than any other foreign word—suggestions were often made as to the sort of treatment which traitors and incendiaries ought to receive at the hands of honest and outraged men.

What had the pastor done to make men hate him so? Let us name it in the simplest form in which it can be said. Believing that Jesus Christ was a perfect man, and that by His life the thoughts and ways of all other men ought to be judged—he had tested by that perfect life beliefs and doings which men call right and praiseworthy. He had announced the result courageously. He had detected the real motto of the American union: LET US MAKE JESUS CHRIST A LIAR—and he had exposed it to men who were contin-

ually exhorting each other to "Stand up, stand up for Jesus!" This he had done, nothing worse; and in doing it he had earned for himself a reputation compared with which the characters of the vilest of the vile seemed immaculate in the eyes of Bellicose.

Soon came a day when the malcontents went one step further in imitating acts which the forefathers of the upholders of the American union had committed—acts which the said upholders had always called glorious. They withdrew their support from, and declared their independence of, a sovereignty to which they had been loyal.

All that consistency permitted the upholders of the American union to do in regard to this rupture, was to deplore the effects of an example which they had called good—but found bad; and to accept the result as a natural thing. But they did not act so at all. They did not seem to think once of leaving the separatists unmolested, although those people distinctly said that all they wanted was to be left alone. Like wildfire, a demand for their subjugation ran through the American union; and in response, men were dispatched to the seceding section—there to follow the example that had been set a hundred years before by men whom the upholders of the American union had always styled the enemies of freedom.

Goaded by what seemed to them acts of usurpation on the part of their oppressors, the separatists in their turn followed the example that had been set a hundred years before by men whom the upholders of the American union had always glorified as defenders of liberty. They resisted with violence the mandates of those who claimed right of dominion over them; and seized property that was in the possession of their enemies.

Did these overt acts open the eyes of the upholders of the American union to the dishonor which they were doing to the memory of their forefathers, by attempting the subjugation of men who were trying to secure something which the founders of the American union had declared an undeniable right of man? Did the upholders of the American union hasten to bury out of sight that banner which their voices had always called a flag of freedom, but which their acts were making a standard of oppression? Not at all. Debased as they were, degraded as was that banner which floated over men who were false—not only to God, but also to their own oft-declared principles—these men still loved their ways; they still glorified their flag, and declared that it should float forever and be honored by all. Through the American union an order was borne that over every house that flag must

wave. In every community bands of men marched from house to house to tell citizens to display the colors of the American union.

Where was tyranny ever more relentless, or cowardice more brutal, than they were in those days in "the land of the free and the home of the brave!" What cared the mobs of self-styled patriots for patriotism! What respect had they for the convictions of men who chose to abide by a belief which the upholders of the American union had loudly professed allegiance to and meanly sneaked away from! Trampling honesty and sincerity under foot, they went from doubtful house to doubtful house compelling a show of loyalty to the American union. And speedily that banner which the lover of consistency cannot look upon without a feeling of aversion, was flaunting everywhere. Willing or unwilling, every citizen saw it displayed on the house of which he was called master; for where opposition was shown, the demand for its exhibition was accompanied by threats which showed a purpose as malignant as was afterward shown in that order which became a watchword throughout the American union: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!"

There was one house in Bellicose where no banner was displayed—the house which the pastor occupied.

But it would not be distinguished in that way long—people said. Only until word had been passed around through the town that the flag which Bellicose loved, was to be hoisted there. Only until the people who desired to see a rebel forced to acknowledge the sovereignty of the American union, had been gathered together. Only until a band of players on musical instruments had been summoned to hail with a burst of patriotic melody the appearance of the American flag flying in triumph on the house of the one rebel of Bellicose.

It was a lovely day. Morning and Spring were putting forth, by herald and harbinger, promises of coming refulgence and munificence. Under azure skies and over emerald and flower-spangled fields that lay bathed in warm and mellow sunshine—perfumed zephyrs were being wafted. Among woodland boughs, bright plumage was glancing; and from leafy heights, notes of liquid and dulcet melody were falling. Faith and responsive love, benediction and praise, fruition and joy, were in earth, air and sky.

To the pastor the scene brought sweet and vivid thoughts of the opening of an eternal summer—of the dawning of that unending day when no man shall say to his neighbor: "Know thou the Lord;" but all shall know Him from the least to the greatest. Its

coming seemed close at hand; at his very door. As if the brightness and beauty which were charming his senses would presently merge into manifestations that would enrapture his soul. It seemed as if the vision which he was looking upon were about to unfold a new meaning. He was conscious of being laid hold of by a desire to be made ready for a summons that he seemed about to hear. He felt impelled to make effort to break away from some hinderance which prevented him from taking a departure, to which all the preparation of his life had been a prelude. "I sleep," he said, "but my heart waketh. It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying: 'open to me my love.'"

Rouse thee, oh pastor! There is a time for everything. There is a time to smile and a time to weep; a time to be joyful in the Lord, and a time to be slain for the cause of Christ.

A sound of distant music salutes the ear. Looking through his open window the pastor sees many people moving across the fields, and coming toward the road on which his house stands. As they draw near, he sees that they are hurrying rather than marching in processional order; while a threading in and out among them of excited, gesticulating men, shows plainly that they are in pursuit of some business which their leaders would have them at quickly.

On they come, waving many flags and drawing rapidly nearer and nearer. Now they are out on the road, and turned in the direction of the pastor's house; and now the pastor can distinguish the strains of a popular patriotic melody. Now the people are at the pastor's house. Now they are surging through his gateway. Now they are trampling his lawn—looking up at his house—gesticulating—waving flags and shouting. Now the musical instruments are heard again, as a gesture from one who appears to be somewhat in command, hushes in a slight degree the clamor and confusion. Hark! The band plays again the strains which a few moments ago fell on the pastor's ear from a distance. Listen! The people raise their voices and sing in chorus:

The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever.
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever!

Hear the refrain! Grandly it is swelled out by many voices:

"Forever!" And again: "Forever!" And once more, in tones of thunder: "Forever!"

The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever!

"Three cheers for the Old Flag, boys!" is shouted. Then: "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" See the

Stars and Stripes, how they are lifted on high! See the flag, their dear old flag, on the breezes waving! Now a voice yells: "Show your colors!" And other voices: "Hoist a flag on that house! Bring out the rebel! Make him show the Stars and Stripes!"

In vain the people harangue the house before them. No sign of life is there. Quickly a deputation of two or three men enter, to find the pastor and tell him the purpose for which the crowd is gathered on his lawn. He steps through the low window and out upon a little balcony. He looks calmly down at the faces that are looking up to him.

"What do you want of me, my friends?"—he inquires.

Many voices reply: "We want you to hoist the Union flag! Show your colors! We want to see our flag on your house! Three cheers for the Old Flag, boys!" And again hurrahs are wildly shouted; and flags are violently waved. "Be quick—you old rebel!" yells a voice on the skirts of the crowd. "Bring out the Stars and Stripes and run them up!"

The pastor speaks again: "I cannot do as you wish," he says. "I do not own such a thing as an American flag. I have often spoken to you of my hatred of the ideas of which it is the emblem. I would not willingly stay in any house that harbors it.

The more determined men are to rally around it, and to follow its lead along the road which leads to destruction—the more determined must I be to abhor it. It commemorates warfare. It urges men to do violence. It summons and leads men to shed the blood of their fellow men. It inspires men to insult, to assault, to trample under foot and outrage the peaceful banner of Christ. Think, my friends, think what that flag which you glory in, really is.

"I speak to you all; not only to you who profess to be followers of Christ; but to you all. Every man ought to live for the glory of God. It is every man's duty to be obedient to the commandments which Christ obeyed. Think of the patience with which God has waited for the nations to pledge their loyalty to Him. Think of the Heavenly Father, waiting—waiting for the peoples of the earth to seek the blessed path of peace which Christ opened nearly two thousand years ago. See men of every nation sending out their hearts to you, only to be filled with desires that ought not to enter into the heart of man. See all the peoples of the earth being deceived by your words and acts into believing that the flag which you raise on high is an emblem of liberty; that the land which you love is a land of freedom. Look at yourselves in shame, you who are monuments of God's long-

suffering mercy, you who ought to be lifting up to the nations the true emblem of liberty—the banner of the cross—the standard of peace on earth—the symbol of crucified lives. Look at yourselves crucifying Christ afresh, you who ought to be leading men into the kingdom of heaven—the only land of freedom. Look at yourselves, seizing all the means for the dissemination of intelligence which this wondrous age has produced; and using them to put Jesus Christ to open shame before the whole world; to teach men that He is a liar; that Truth is not in Him. Has not God waited long enough for the nations to turn to Him for liberty? Is it not late in the day of his long-suffering for men to lift up a banner of treason against Him—as you are doing when you raise the flag of the American union?"

With the exception of a cat-call or two, there had been no interruption of the speaker's words up to this point. The pastor had a power over men when he addressed them, which, inflamed against him though they might be, it seemed hard for them to overcome. The calmness of his poise, the earnestness of his speech and the dignity of his manner, always held his hearers silent for a while—no matter how antagonistic his utterances might be to their cherished beliefs. So it was at this time. Up to the

moment he used the word treason the people listened. But—treason! The word seemed to break the spell. Treason was what they had come out to subdue. "Down with the traitor!" shouted voices in the crowd—"up with the Stars and Stripes!"

There was a sudden rush to the door of the house. Half a dozen men bearing a flag dashed through, and up the stairway—into the pastor's study and out on the balcony. At a corner of the railing they set their flag-pole—nailing it fast with rapid and heavy blows; and gave the banner to the breeze. Out it floated; and out from the throats of the people rang cheer on cheer to greet it.

Underneath the flag the pastor stood, looking down on the excited crowd beneath him. Children were there—some of them no larger than those whom Jesus looked upon when He said: "of such is the kingdom of heaven;" little children—with whose innocence parents had only begun to tamper; and whose feet were not fully set upon the road that leads down to hell. Other children were there—somewhat larger—who had developed a relish for the way of the devil; and in whose faces the pastor could see Satanic hatred spreading over, yet not wholly obliterating, the marks of childish innocence. And others also, who had progressed further—who knew enough to be able

to declaim about the rights of man; to recite the maxims of patriotism; to prate about the location of liberty; to do honor to the flag of the American union and to the fathers and mothers which the devil had given them.

The pastor spoke again; taking advantage as well as he could, of each momentary lull and subsidence in the noise and tumult of the crowd below him:

"You have set your flag on my house, notwithstanding what I have said to you; but I shall not follow your example, and resort to violence. If you are able to get any satisfaction from the sight of the flag of the American union flying over the head of a man who hates it, and who cannot be made loyal to it, you are welcome to that———"

A torrent of denunciations, groans and hurrahs drowned his voice. He stood silent. A smile, faint and sad, passed over his features as there flashed across his mind maxim after maxim speaking of this world as a befriender of the virtues; and as he compared their declarations with the scene that was being enacted before him. The effect of a good example—where was it? The deference which the world shows to uprightness—the regard which it has for courage and earnest endeavor—its esteem for true manhood and devotion to duty—its appreciation of honesty, sincerity and sterling worth—where were they all? Manifest, under his very eyes.

A freshening breeze caught the flag and floated it far out over the heads of the people. Its shadow falling on the pastor, changed the current of his thoughts. What had he to do with the judgments of this world! They were nothing to him. He had not been misled. He had never been deceived as to the nature of his surroundings. He had always known that he was in a world where men hate and kill not only their enemies, but also their best friends. His eyes had always been open to the Satanic possibilities that are in human beings. He had never sought the world's favor. He had sought and found favor with Him who said: "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God." He put on strength anew. He lifted his hand and pointed at the flag of the American union. "Behold," he cried, "the idol of your hearts! Behold the emblem of a treason double-dyed! May its accursed———"

The sentence was never finished. A heavy stone thrown by some hand in the crowd, struck the aggressive Christian in his face; and he fell backward, senseless and bleeding—into the arms of his daughter.

Deacon Tristam was fond of his family. He loved the companionship of his wife and children. At night he rarely left his home. After supper, it was

his custom to take his youngest child in his arms and put it asleep by rocking it, and singing hymns. Sometimes he sang that hymn beginning :

Hush my dear lie still and slumber !—

One verse of it he always sang in a voice that showed strong feeling—the verse in which these lines are :

———to read the shameful story
How the Jews abused their King ;
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

"Ah !"—he would often say—"how wicked those men were, my children. I hope that as you grow older, you will learn the enormity of their sin and think of those bad men in the way that your parents and all other good Christians do."

Why do you think they were so very bad, Deacon ? They returned the salutations of those who met them with pleasant greetings—treating them as they themselves wished to be treated—doing as they would be done by. They loved their own people. Very probably many of them were strongly attached to their firesides; and were husbands and fathers of a pattern whose excellence even you yourself, Deacon, do not surpass. They loved their own kind devotedly. They clung to each other, and bound themselves together to uphold the beliefs that had been handed

down to them by their fathers. And for haters of their union they had no mercy.

There is no real difference in painted sepulchres, Deacon. The color of some may be white; and the colors of others may be red, white and blue; but they are all filled with dead men's bones.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STRANGE SORT OF MARTYRDOM.

ALAS for the pastor's daughter! She loved a tranquil and social life. She believed that people who are in Rome ought to do as Romans do. She was a thorough-going pursuer of happiness. To get all the happiness and to give all the happiness that she possibly could get and give—this was to her, religion. She believed that her father was so wrapped up in what Christ said about the treatment of enemies, that he wholly ignored the commandment about conduct toward neighbors. "Does a man love his neighbor as himself"—she inquired of her religious convictions —"when he hurts that neighbor's feelings by attacking a belief which the neighbor loves?"

Her placid mind could not possibly reconcile with religious duty, denunciatory utterances—words calculated to arouse antagonisms, to inflame men to anger and to precipitate trouble. In the name of charity, her religion had taught her to deal very kindly with the beliefs of her neighbors. She had

learned that it is right to suppress and strangle every harsh and angry feeling; and so, in order to avoid temptation—she laid the ax at the root of the tree, and shut the door of her mild and gentle heart against all disturbing realities. Deep as was the love which she felt for her father, her love for her religion was deeper still.

Although her mind frequently acted on her father in a way that awakened in his mind suggestive thoughts which prepared him for inspiration and renewed endeavor, she herself could not inspire him. Her powers acted on his in a manner similar to that in which inferior beings direct higher beings toward knowledge; in a manner similar to that in which the doings of the human race cause angels to glorify God. Yet remarkable as the statement may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that wholly different from each other as were the pastor and his daughter—they had both built up their characters by exactly the same process. Each had gotten something by contact with the world; and both had laid hold of that something with such power as to make it part of their very selves.

Although the impulses which the daughter prepared her father to receive were impulses which her heart disapproved; although the acts which those impulses gave birth to, were acts which she deeply deplored;

filial love kept her from saying so to one to whom she owed honor as well as obedience. But the added restraint of her religion was needed at times to keep the daughter silent when the pastor's course seemed as foolish as deplorable. "What good will it do"—was always her final thought—"to withstand a man so set in his way! Neither he nor I will be made happier by my speaking." Thus her religion triumphed; thus she clung to it. "I love it"—she whispered to herself—"as devotedly as my father loves his belief; even if I do not publish my devotion."

At the time of the pastor's expulsion from the pulpit of Union Tabernacle, the daughter had, in the secrecy of her heart, accused her father of ruining himself and injuring his own flesh and blood for the sake of a mere idea; a delusive will-o'-the-wisp. Of Truth as a living Spirit—that can be befriended; that can be loved; that can make returns for love; that can suffer; that can be slain; that can rise again—her heart knew nothing. How a man could alienate his friends and separate himself from his own kindred for the sake of an indefinite thing which no one ever succeeded in locating, she could not conceive. So ran her thoughts. Loyalty she could understand—and also love; but they ought to be given to human beings. To her kindred and to her friends she was determined

to cling. Through evil report, and through peril she would serve them faithfully and unhesitatingly. "The world has far too much unhappiness in it already" —she said—"I would count it a sin to add anything to its misery. I could never enshrine an intangible fancy in my heart, and cast out therefrom affection for living people who ask for my love and who are able to respond to it. No! Peace on earth and happiness among men can only come through love of human beings; never through love of ideas. The devotion of men to ideas which they call truth always has, and always will stir up discord and strife; and the reason is plain—ideas differ. If advance in knowledge is claimed, and assertion made that truth can be seen where error was before—contradiction arises immediately. Men say that truth is elsewhere. Discord follows; and wrangling. Or, if in some other field, progress is claimed, and men assert that truth demands that they and their fellows ought to begin to act in some new fashion—opposition arises at once, also in the name of truth; and warfare is begun between those factions." The pastor's daughter lived in that state of mental confusion which they are in to whom fact and axiom, moral utterance and scientific dogma, theological enunciation and divine revelation, are known indiscriminately and collectively by the name: "truth."

It might be said that the daughter was not very blameworthy in the feeling which she had in her heart about her father's conduct. It might be said that she sometimes forgot—most naturally too—just what her father believed; that she listened dutifully and respectfully to his words when he spoke; but that, as he was not always talking—and as others had strong opinions which they too talked about—her errors were due, perhaps largely, to mere lapse of memory; to the forgetting of the precise points of her father's doctrine. Yet underneath this action of mind and governing it, was a will; by which she chose the sphere that she desired to live in. Her loves and her longings had built for her a congenial place of abode; and although it almost seemed at times as if her father's words had power to draw her therefrom, she never permitted herself to be wholly lifted out of her chosen sphere of occupation. Through its medium all words and thoughts must pass in order to reach her.

The daughter had made her own personal choice. Hers was a quiet but indomitable persistence; which, although it might seem at times to be swerved by the words of eternal life, returned unerringly to the course that her heart had chosen. To her way of thinking, the Christian graces were the qualities which establish men and women in the good graces of other people.

In them she was determined to live; in them she desired to die. Neither persuasion nor power could separate her from her religious convictions.

Although she thought that she ought to be accepted at the value she placed on herself, she never ceased from criticising her father's conduct. It was her unchanging purpose to pull the pastor down to the level of the worldly interests of his family. Yet she did not proselyte boisterously; she upheld her religion quietly, even as they do who love the approbation of their fellows. She did not force her ideas before the notice of anybody. The utmost that she did in missionary work, was in taking advantage of opportunities that offered from time to time, to quote instances in her father's hearing, which proved conclusively to her own mind—that, regarding religious convictions, although speech is sometimes silver, silence is very frequently golden. And she waited for him to draw his own inferences; hoping always that he would stumble over some principle that he had laid down; and see the necessity of abandoning his course. What was she doing but lying in wait for the pastor to entangle himself in his talk!

She did not know her father; but he knew her—knew her as she was, a foe in his household; the most unscrupulous of his enemies in Bellicose—making

use of natural affection in her effort to slay the hope of a believer in Jesus.

Oh, how she yearned to stand well in the estimation of her friends! And how hard—how very hard to bear—had been the knowledge, that beneath all the kind words which her friends spoke to her, there was pity for her in their hearts. "Our troubles seem so unnecessary" she said to herself. "I cannot conceive how that can be Christianity which causes a man to stop providing for his family—when such provision is being made in a respectable profession or line of business."

How could she—who had not the slightest suspicion that events could impress minds in any way except the way in which they impressed her mind—how could she understand that her father had been loyal to duty! Social surroundings, family ties and public opinion, being in her estimation the great realities—how could she believe otherwise than that Christianity, to be vital, must be their preserver and friend!

"Ought not sound-minded love of Christ"—she asked herself—"prompt a family man to cling with all his might to his means of support? 'If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.' These words are not mine. How can I

feel reconciled when the Bible speaks so unmistakably and so emphatically! 'I have been young'—says the Psalmist—'and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' My father has wrested Scripture to his own destruction."

But the pastor heard no word of complaint from his daughter. Things went from bad to worse; and she bore her trouble in silence. Then that most terrible thing happened—the fresh disgrace, deeper than any that had fallen on the little family before. "What has been benefited"—she asked herself—"by the rioting that we are now suffering from! Surely not the cause of Christ—that cause which my father has turned into a weapon to assail men's beliefs with—that cause whose mission is to make men harmless as doves. Even if my father is wise above all other men, does that make strife any the less strife? does that give him absolution for bringing warfare to his own threshold?"

She was far, very far from believing that her father could be wise above all other men. The argument of numbers was all-convincing to her. She was one who firmly believed that what everybody says, must be true. She believed implicitly in the omniscience of the majority. "If one man can be right"—she said—"and a whole community wrong, how can

there be any meaning to the term: common sense? No, it cannot be that my father knows more than all other people."

Misguided woman! making the same assault upon an advocate of Truth that Christ's murderers made when tormenting Him. "Whom makest thou thyself!" they cried out when Truth through His lips denounced their wicked religion.

The daughter would have been aghast if her judgment of her father's course of action had been written down and shown to her. She never fully faced her thoughts; yet never could she wholly escape them. Her religious convictions forced them before her—fragmentarily, but constantly. Never could she stop asking in her heart: "Who began the trouble? surely"—she thought—"if my father had been generous toward other men's beliefs; if he had never wounded the feelings of his neighbors—we would be happy to-day. The community was orderly in the first place; men were friendly to my father and loved him. But he repulsed them and insulted their cherished opinions. Surely we ought to use hospitality without grudging—to opinions as well as to persons. Kind words can never die. They must prevail. Why did not my father put his faith in them!"

She had never thought once in all her life—that if

praying, singing and succoring the needy had been all the religion practiced by Christ—He would have lived to old age before the Jews would have molested Him.

At times it seemed to her that her father's course of action was a series of mistakes which originated in his not looking on the bright side of things. At other times she thought that his fundamental error was excessive eagerness after perfection; which made him try to realize it in his own life, try to find it in other people, and blame them if they did not attain it at once. Why had he not started on the path of righteousness with the determination to make haste slowly! "He hates policy"—she said—"but is tact irreligion? Why did he not moderate his enthusiasm; why did he not learn to adapt it to his surroundings? Does he not know that in whatsoever state we are—therewith we ought to be content? And if having food and raiment we ought to be content, how much more ought we when we have also pleasant social surroundings!"

How lamentably ignorant she was of that mighty restlessness which lays hold of God's witnesses with such power that they never know content. How wholly unconscious she was of the mission of those who are described in the allegory of St. John the divine, as being round about God's throne and in the

midst of it; and who are full of eyes so that they see all things. They cannot be deceived. False Gods and false Christs have no power over them. Ordinary employments cannot hold them. They rest not day nor night; but ever bear witness of the one true God; the Lord God Almighty which was, and is, and is to come.

"Why did not my father know better"—queried the daughter—"than to try to turn human beings into angels suddenly? All things come round to him who waits. The Apostle's express injunction is to run with patience the gospel race. Why did not my father know better than to oppose himself to the will of determined men? Why did not he let his neighbors alone, and talk over his theories quietly with me? I would have humored his idiosyncrasies; and he and I would have lived in comfort and happiness. Yet he need not have given up one iota of his belief that the world ought to govern itself in accordance with his ideas." If her life had depended on it, she could not have gotten out of her thoughts the saying that kept inserting itself among them—that a man once lived who got along very well in the world by minding his own business.

"Well! What has happened, has happened"—she said—"and must be accepted. I will try to make the best of our altered circumstances. I will

try to be as cheerful and as happy as I can ; and I will do all that lies in my power to make father as comfortable and happy as he can be made."

She nursed the pastor tenderly and patiently through the illness that followed the assault which had been made upon him. To her gentle and assiduous care he owed his recovery. Gradually he grew convalescent. Slowly, but surely, day after day—he regained strength of body and vigor of mind. And at last as he sat in his chair by the open window, looking out upon fields that were rejoicing under summer skies, and calling to his daughter from time to time to notice some new beauty in the scene before him—he seemed almost the same man that he had been in past days. He had never been robust in form or florid in complexion ; therefore his present thinness of figure and paleness of countenance were not very noticeable. The only real alteration of his visage was where it was marred by the scars of the wounds which the patriots of Bellicose had set upon him.

"Father"—the daughter ventured to say one beautiful morning, to the pastor sitting in his favorite place—"I believe that you do love the world after all; notwithstanding all you have said and done. I am sure that no one could enjoy a day like this more than

you do. To look at the birds and the flowers gives you a joy which you cannot conceal."

She spoke, with a look of appeal on her face which almost showed anxiety. In her mind there was a vague belief that if she could win an assent from her father it would open up ideas which would in some way make possible a restoration of father and daughter to their former position in Bellicose.

"My dear," said the pastor, "you must not confound the earth with the world; they are entirely and distinctly different things. The earth ever since its creation has been fulfilling the mission it was sped upon; and is to-day putting forth all its powers in obedience to the laws of God, to preserve the order which He has ordained—shaping blade and ear so that kindly fruits shall be brought forth in due season. But the world of human beings on the earth is wholly without form and void—shapeless in the sight of God; and void of obedience to His will. Confusion reigns there; and darkness broods over the deeps which are in the souls of men. With all its powers, the world which now is upon the earth withstands the commandments of God; and strives to thwart His desire to banish chaos. His times and seasons are scouted. The seeds of righteousness are treated as chaff; and sowers go forth sowing to the

wind; so that the harvest which God loves shall not be gathered in; so that reapers shall reap the whirlwind. As we look with gladness on the pleasant scenes which the earth is presenting to our eyes—let us sorrow, my daughter, because of the world which now is on the earth. But more abundantly let us be joyous because of the world which is to come. For as surely as the Spirit of God once moved upon an earthly void, so surely shall His Spirit move upon the hearts of all people—and a world of men and women shall be upon this earth, wherein the pattern which was shown by Jesus shall be the prevailing fashion."

But the upholders of the American union cared nothing for the fashion of the world to come. They did not propose to meet violence with meekness. They did not mean to love their enemies. They meant to subdue them; they meant to kill them.

The fashion of this world was good enough for the upholders of the American union. It had stood the test of time. Self-protection was their rock of ages. And so, with darkened understanding and with hearts filled with love of evil they went about their purpose of raising an army to "put down the rebellion"—coupling with their enterprise the name of Him who said: "If ye love me keep my commandments." The argument with which they cheated their souls

was, in its real analysis, this : Christ came to earth to uphold the right and to put down evil. We are in the right because we are we. Therefore if we love the right and hate evil as Christ did, we must uphold ourselves and each other, and put down those who oppose themselves to us.

From city to city, from settlement to settlement throughout the American union, a call to arms was sounded. From pulpit to pulpit the summons was re-echoed in the name of the Prince of Peace. Preachers, who by most solemn vows had pledged themselves, in the presence of God and man, to uphold Christ's gospel of good will, called on men everywhere to lay hands on murderous weapons and go forth to slay human beings; praying to Satan under the name of the God of battles to give victory to the upholders of the American union in the conflict which was before them. Other reverend recruiters preferred to hide facts from their hearers. They did not tell volunteers for battle the real murderous acts which they were being summoned and sent to do. They said : "Go and die for your country!"

This manner of speaking of the soldier's mission speedily grew very popular. Men cried out to each other to rally around the Stars and Stripes—to follow the flag of the American union and die. They said

that they could accomplish more desirable things than one, by the proceeding—that they could turn slaves into free men like themselves. And they called each other and themselves imitators of Christ, with less hesitation than ever. Back and forth through the American union the popular sentiment was thrown. Men caught it up quickly and sent it abroad again. The poet put it into metrical and lying verse. The melodist set it to music; and from one end of the American union to the other, the people sang it.

> As He died to make men holy,
> Let us die to make men free,

they blasphemously sang—likening the Prince of Peace to their own murderous selves.

Notwithstanding, however, this proposal which men were making to each other and singing about—the volunteers knew that they were rallying around the standard of the American union for some other purpose than dying; else why did they bear swords and guns? Rhetorical and metrical humbuggery did not delude them; neither did it deceive anybody; unless, perhaps, the young children whom double-tongued parents and guardians were seducing from paths of innocence into the ways of the devil. In reality, the inspirers and abettors of the volunteers—and they themselves—hoped that they would return to

their homes alive and well; bearing trophies of victory, and swords dyed with the blood of their fellow-men.

The Bellicose contingent of that army of three million men, which in those days went out to protect their earthly homes by slaughtering the defenders of other homes, was marching on its way to the front. The pastor, sitting in his accustomed place, watched its departure. With flowers, with bright colors, with inspiring music, the volunteers marched away—stepping with a boldness and confidence which they could not have exceeded if they had been setting out on some laudable enterprise; marching to slaughter their fellow-men with an eagerness which they could not have surpassed if they had never declared that life is one of the unalienable rights of man.

In the ranks, and not lagging, were many who times beyond count had proclaimed themselves followers of Him who told men to return good for evil. They too, were going forth to shoot down men who were opposing them—going far out of their way to disobey Christ's law, with as much zeal as if they had never even heard of being shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. To borrow an expression from Mr. Kitto—the members of Union Tabernacle were "not in the rear." Side by side with them marched other recruits drawn from the various de-

nominational bodies which gathered in the different churches of Bellicose. "See!" said the pastor, "they hold their faith in unity of spirit, notwithstanding their apparent dissensions. Touch their hearts, and at once it becomes apparent that they are all at one in their religion. To Satan with one consent they bend the knee, and hail him God over all, worthy forever!"

Some there are who believe that the human face is an index of character. The faces of the women, who in Bellicose bade farewell to the departing volunteers, showed naught of the wickedness of their hearts. Their fair and lovely features seemed rather the incarnation of goodness and purity than masks to cover black souls that were plotting the slaughter of their fellow-creatures, and treason against their Creator.

Forward marched the soldiers, encouraged by the plaudits of all the people of Bellicose—save one. From an upper window of the pastor's house the daughter waved a farewell; and leaning far out, made loving gestures to a soldier whose eyes dwelt fondly on her features. Every heart in Bellicose, save that of the believer in Jesus, cried: "God speed!"—to men who, calling themselves Christians, were hastening to reveal themselves as the most benighted heathen.

"These are they," said the pastor, "who have the effrontery to call other men heathen. These are they who being horrified because little children in foreign lands are slain in the name of religion—send missionaries to those lands to teach people how to do right. How much better by far it is to slay little children in their innocence, than to preserve their lives and rear them up with an education which teaches them in the name of Christ to butcher their fellow-creatures. Oh, that these men would learn to hate the heathenism of their own hearts! Oh, that they would pray for preachers of Christ's gospel to be sent to them!"

In all Bellicose, only he who had laid down his life for a home eternal would have cried "halt!" to the men who were on their way to destroy other men's lives, in the vain belief that they could thus give stability and security to homes whose very natures decreed that they could be nothing but transient.

The emotions in the pastor's heart were like the sorrows which Jesus knew when He wept over the doomed city. "Oh, Jerusalem!" he cried, as those who had named the name of Christ and were pressing toward iniquity, passed his window. "Thou that stonest the prophets and killest them that are sent unto thee, how oft would I have charged thee to be

true to the home eternal; to be loyal to the only family which can endure forever—the household of faith in Christ; but thou wouldst not. Thou hast chosen to fix thy affections on things which cannot remain. Therefore thou art given over to disobedience; and knowest not the time of thy visitation."

The pastor knew well that mistaken ideas of duty lay at the root of the evil which the professing Christians of Bellicose were going out to do. "How fearless of danger they are!" said he. "They shrink not from peril. Dauntless they are going where what men call death—and that in its most horrid form—will strike on all sides of them and at them; believing that they are answering duty's call. Men who can thus face all that human flesh naturally shrinks from, battling for the dominion of their own ideas, could face the same horrors unresisting, for the sake of Christ's dominion, if they believed that duty demanded it of them. A false conception of their duty makes them soldiers. Brave and resolute—unswerving of purpose and fearing neither suffering nor what men call death—truly of such as these, God makes Christ's martyrs when it is His good pleasure to do so.

"Oh, if these men would learn what death really is, and fear it! Oh, if they could be taught that disobedience of God's commandments is death; and

learn to shrink from death. Oh, if these men who are so reckless of what this world calls life, could be taught what life is—and learn to prize it! Oh, if they could be taught that to obey God is to live. But they cannot see Truth. Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, oh Lord.

"These men cannot see that it is God's purpose that professing followers of Christ shall be deceived by the ways of this world. They cannot see that He is thus teaching some lesson which men in the world to come will thank Him that they have learned. These men cannot see that it is God's purpose that this world shall not be converted to Christ. They cannot see that God has ordained that Christ's gospel shall be preached during this present dispensation; not for the salvation of this world from sin—but for a witness—for a summons—to gather a little company of believers who are to be hated and killed by this world, and afterward to be hailed as leaders of men, in the world which is to come. These men cannot see that Christ is not being truly shown to this world; that God for His own wise purpose is permitting this world to look at Christ through beliefs and prejudices which have obscured men's minds.

"This world will never see that the only family which men ought to be unswervingly loyal to, is that

family which loves God as a Father, and Christ as an elder brother; that family whose habitation is eternity, and whose unalienable possessions are endless love and power to forgive offenses, trespasses and sins. The God-like power of forgiving sins—the Christ-like attribute of meekness—is denied to those whose hearts are bound by earthly ties.

"These men are blinded," said the pastor—as the volunteers passed out of sight, and as the last hurrahs of their admirers died away—"these men are blinded because they are men whom God intends shall be blinded. Men were not thus blinded in that world which once was, when the sons of God walked the earth. Neither will men be thus blinded in the world which is to come; when the sons of God shall again be manifested. Only this present evil world has power to draw a veil between the understanding of men and the Truth as it is in Jesus. Only of this world does Christ say: '*It must needs be that offences come.*'"

CHAPTER IX.

THE WANDERER'S WELCOME.

THE soldier whose eyes looked fondly on the pastor's daughter as the volunteers were marching away from Bellicose, was Deacon Tristam's son. He was a member of Union Tabernacle, and patriotic to his heart's core. He was a teacher in the Sunday-school and a believer in hell fire. He believed that human beings, who have not repented of their sins before their souls' departure from their earthly bodies, are doomed to dwell forever in flames actual, terrible, and burning with an intensity far beyond anything that mind can conceive of. He believed that such unrepentant sinners are given bodies that can burn in endless flames; that can suffer inexpressible agony, and yet can endure forever. He believed this, fully and sincerely; and he acted on his belief. He made it his life's mission to strive to keep souls away from the flames of hell. The solemn thought never left him, that he was every day in contact with human beings, who, before another sunrise, might be sum-

moned to the bar of God; and sent from thence to dwell in torments. He prayed earnestly that he might ever have a realizing sense of the daily and hourly peril that human beings are in; and that he might work while it is called to-day. When he met a friend or acquaintance who had not made a public profession of religion—instead of inquiring of such a one in regard to physical health—his questions were always about the welfare of the soul. And so sincere, earnest and solicitous was he in his manner, that the most frivolous among the "unregenerate" could not scoff without an uncomfortable feeling in his heart that he was putting himself still further in the wrong; and that the deacon's son was wholly right in the matter.

Ed. Tristam was a good man—such was the verdict of Bellicose. More than one dying person had been aroused to a sense of his guilt in the sight of God by his instrumentality. "How can my zeal ever falter!" he was wont to say. "To die a sinner is to be doomed to burn forever; from this there is no escape; the law covers the whole human race."

He had lost a sister by death when she was seven years old. Before she died—a little innocent, knowing no more about sin than the angels in heaven—he had inquired into her soul's condition. "Mary" he

said, solemnly and kindly, during a lucid interval of her fever—"it may be that you are about to die. You must repent; or else God will put you down into that awful burning hole where wicked persons must stay forever. You do not want to go there, do you dear? You want to go to heaven and live forever with Jesus and the angels; don't you, my darling?"

Little Mary who was a sensitive, timid child, shuddered and said that she did not want to burn forever in hell; then she became delirious. Her mother told the doctor, when he called, that Mary had seemed to be somewhat better for a little while; but had got worse again. The next day when Mary was free of her fever once more, her brother talked with her again about her soul until she said that she had repented of her sins. When she died, he thanked God, on his knees, that he had been instrumental in saving his little sister's soul. That she was wholly fit for the presence of God without any interference on his part, was a thought which could not by any possibility have been gotten into his brain.

Union Tabernacle was proud of the deacon's son; and called him a bright and shining light. With the boys of his Sunday-school class he labored and prayed most faithfully. And his labors had been crowned with success. Not as fully, it is true, as he desired;

but enough so to warrant him in believing that his talents were gaining other talents for the Lord's use. Many had been led by him to feel concern about the welfare of their souls—to realize their lost condition, and to cry: "What must I do to be saved!" Many had professed faith in Christ and had been received into the full fellowship of Union Tabernacle—promising young converts.

The deacon's son kept careful record of all his scholars; and especially of the spiritual condition of those who left his class without having made a public profession of religion. If they continued to live in Bellicose he was careful to call on them from time to time, and to make inquiries about their souls. And if —as sometimes happened, they left the town altogether —he opened and kept up a correspondence with them. He said that his scholars were always his scholars until they had been received into the Church of Christ. Whether they were present or whether they were absent—all the youth who had ever been taught by him had always a claim upon his care until they had given evidence that their souls were numbered among the saved.

On one member of his class, the deacon's son had never been able to make any impression. This boy was a hard one; seeming to have every vicious pro-

pensity planted deep in his heart; and picking up every idle and bad habit. The teacher had been advised again and again to give the boy over as irreclaimable. The superintendent of the school had more than once threatened to expel him. Everybody save the deacon's son declared the boy's case hopeless; and that his presence in the school was hurtful to discipline. The boy's teacher was told that he was doing his other scholars an injury by befriending the boy—that the one sickly sheep would surely poison the rest of the flock. But the deacon's son would not listen to his advisers. He said that the boy would surely yield in course of time, to his pleadings and to the good example set by the other scholars. He said also that underneath the outer crust of the boy's heart there was sincere love for his teacher.

But the boy seemed to take pride and delight in his wrong doings; and in offsetting them against the ways of the others scholars. He grew worse instead of better.

One Sunday he was absent from his class. During the session of the school loud voices and sounds of altercation were heard outside the door, and in the vestibule or passage-way which separated the school-room from the street. These noises breaking upon the quiet of the session were so unseemly, that a teacher

near the door went quickly out to suppress the disturbance. On his return he reported to the superintendent that he had found the bad scholar of brother Ed. Tristam's class smoking a cigar in the vestibule, and skylarking with another boy. He said also that he had remonstrated with them and had been answered with abuse and vile language. He then, according to his report, had taken the boy by the arm—had walked him out of the door—and the boy had gone away threatening to do him bodily damage. As the boy was being ejected he had put his hand inside of his coat, and had partly drawn out something that looked like a weapon. Such was the report of the teacher who had ejected him.

The bad scholar never entered the school again. When the deacon's son visited him to continue his efforts at reclamation, the boy's version of the ejectment differed from the report that had been made to the superintendent; and he said that he would never return to a Sunday-school that he had been knocked and kicked out of. The deacon's son did not know what to believe about the occurrence. The boy's reputation was bad. Very probably he would not hesitate about telling a falsehood in order to make out a case for himself, and secure sympathy. On the other hand the teacher who had ejected the boy was

known to be quick tempered ; and in anger he might have done more than he afterward remembered.

At all events, the bad scholar was never seen in the Sunday-school again. Shortly after his ejectment his parents moved away from Bellicose and his teacher lost all traces of him. Yet during the years which followed, the deacon's son did not give up the hope of finding his lost scholar and of "saving his soul." Although every effort which he put forth failed, he still yearned over the missing one, in his heart. He still prayed for the boy. He still said that he had a hope which was almost certainty, that he would some day learn from the boy's lips how a repentant wanderer had been led to return to his Heavenly Father's home to find forgiveness, love and welcome.

Nevertheless, when the deacon's son marched out of Bellicose among the volunteers, he had not received the slightest clue to the whereabouts of his lost scholar. Before he went he requested the members of his family to notify him immediately if any message from, or information of the missing one should reach Bellicose. He said that he would write to the lad at once, on receipt of such information, and try to win him from the paths which lead down to hell.

The pastor's daughter and the deacon's son had

pledged themselves to marry each other. Their farewell tryst had taken place the night before the departure of the troops. There was no time for lingering words the next morning, at the spot where the troops were assembling. There was only time then for the lovers to hurriedly embrace; and to hastily charge each other to write frequent letters. Then the pastor's daughter returned to her home to witness from an upper window the departure of the man to whom she had given the love of her young life.

Thus the deacon's son and the pastor's daughter separated from each other; he with his heart filled full of a patriotism which had swallowed up every other feeling, and had caused him to break away from every tie at his country's call; and she with her heart filled with those emotions which women know whose loved ones go forth to kill and to be killed in battle.

The hastily written letters which the pastor's daughter soon began to receive, kept her informed of the movements of her soldier. They told of the marching of the volunteers from point to point in their progress toward the scene of conflict. They spoke of various scenes incident to embarking and disembarking when resort to railroad or steamboat had been necessary. They told of the passing of the

troops through cities which lay in their course—patriotic cities whose inhabitants greeted "the boys in blue" with wild applause—and cities where patriotism was halting and where citizens showed the flag of the American union with reluctance. And ever and ever again between such items of news was a word or two about the missing scholar. Sometimes a charge for a speedy notification as soon as a message from the delinquent should come; and always the expression of a firm conviction that the writer would meet his lost scholar again and that together they would bow down in thankfulness and joy before the Father of all mercies.

Then the letters told of the arrival of the volunteers at the seat of war; and of their encampment. And then came a letter which made the pastor's daughter shudder with horror—which sent her with a face of deathly whiteness, hurrying with shaking limbs to her father; and which brought out on his face—on the countenance of the man who had schooled himself to meet unshrinkingly every terror which this world can launch at the follower of Christ—an expression of almost cowering awe.

The letter said that a night or two before the date which it bore, the writer had been appointed to do sentry duty. It told how, as he had paced up and

down upon his post silent and alone, with night's darkness about him, and stars glittering overhead, his thoughts had been employed. It told how fond memories of loved ones far away had filled his mind and throbbed through his heart; albeit every sense was alert to protect the encampment which had been committed to his guardianship. Thoughts of dear ones in Bellicose had suggested thoughts of that loved and lost scholar who at some time would return in some providential manner to gladden the heart of his teacher. The letter said that while the thoughts of the writer had been thus employed—just as he had decided to write again to Bellicose to emphasize his former charges about sending news of the lost scholar as soon as received—he fancied that he heard a rustling of leaves and a snapping of twigs in a clump of bushes close at hand.

"Immediately," said the writer—"I halted; and pointed my musket at the spot—waiting for another sign or movement. The silence was profound. I remained thus for a moment; and then thinking that my ears had been deceived, I was about to resume my steps, when I thought that I saw something crouched low down on the ground a few paces away and approaching me—a form whose vague outlines were hardly distinguishable from the surrounding gloom.

"'Who goes there!' I cried. 'Advance and give the countersign, or you are a dead man!'

"As I spoke, the form rose up—and I saw rushing at me, the figure of a man with hand uplifted and brandishing a weapon. It all happened in a moment. I fired; and the man, giving a yell, pitched headlong to the ground and lay at my feet—writhing, groaning and uttering most horrible curses. The next moment he was quiet."

The letter then said that amid the confusion which followed the report of the gun—while drums were rolling out an alarm—while bugles were sounding, and voices shouting a call to arms—a lantern was brought; and by its light, the writer—looking on the features of the dead man, lying where he had fallen—saw the face of his lost scholar.

"Where the poor lad went" said the writer, in conclusion, "when he left Bellicose—I know not. I only know that in some way he was led into the rebel army, and has fallen fighting against the flag of his country. Oh, it is horrible! horrible!—the thought of those curses which seem always to be ringing in my ears. Did he die thus—or did the wondrous mercy of God turn his poor heart to Christ even while he was in the very clutches of death? Did the poor lad, even like the dying thief, rejoice in Jesus

with his last expiring breath; and is his saved soul now with his Redeemer in Paradise? Who can tell! I hope that it is so. I pray that it is so. What can we say, but: God's will be done!"

"Amen!" cried the pastor—throwing down the letter and walking up and down the room in an agitation which the daughter had never seen equalled. "Amen! Amen! What can we say but God's will be done! Bow the heavens, oh Lord, and come down! so that Thy will may be done upon earth as it is done above. Our hope is in Thee alone. There is no hope in man. Too long has man wrought the will of Satan upon earth. Too long have the eyes of men been darkened. Too long have men, while professing a love for human souls, been slaughtering their fellow-men and sending them red-handed into the presence of their final Judge. Too long have men, while professing a belief that the torments of hell are endless, and that few there be that escape them—too long have they been sending their fellow-men off of the earth by thousands upon thousands, to meet their eternal destiny. Too long have men, while professing to believe that the whole duration of time is as a span when compared with eternity—too long have they been slaying their fellow-men because of offenses whose effects at the very worst could only last during

a fragment of a span. Too long! Too long! But the ways of man are not endless, oh God! They are not the movements of a system which must go on forever. Somewhere upon the course which his feet are pursuing—and which man calls the path of human progress—Thou hast set a bound that he cannot pass. Some time he will surely hear Thy voice saying: Thus far shalt thou go and no farther. Oh, Thou who didst ordain that the sons of God, who once walked the earth, should fall from their high estate—Thou who didst ordain that Thy true church should pass away; and that in its place the wrecks and ruins of a pure belief should vaunt of a religion undefiled, and delude men's souls—grant oh, Thou most mighty God, that this too shall pass away! Evil times are pressing in upon the saints of God and are wearing out the patience of Thy elect who are in the earth. Descend, oh God in majesty! Make thy sons manifest once more; and open the path of salvation into a broad highway. Let the righteous shine! Blot out this wicked interim—so that Alpha and Omega shall be as one. For thy elect's sake shorten these days of tribulation. Destroy the false Christ! Slay the man of sin! Even as it was in the wondrous beginning—let it be now, upon earth—oh, God—and grant that so it shall evermore be;

world without end, Amen!" Drawing his daughter to his side, the pastor sank down on his knees—pouring out with his whole soul the prayer which, sooner or later, every child of God learns to breathe: Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!

CHAPTER X.

THE PASTOR'S MISTAKE.

To SAY that factors mightier than man are in the world; to say that man is but an agent, through whose instrumentality superior powers are working out ends and accomplishments; to say that spirits take possession of man and use him—is unfashionable; it is obsolete.

Yet they who are fully abreast with the times—they who are in the very forefront, among modern thinkers—declare unhesitatingly, that ideas are the moving powers of the world.

What is the difference between the two statements? Who can tell? Yet men think that the former is a belief that belongs to an age of superstition; and that the latter is a belief that belongs to an age of enlightenment. Men substitute new words for old, and think that they have discovered new things—that the world is entering new paths, on a progress toward perfection.

When in all this world's history has true progress been shown, in man's thoughts or ways? When men

change from killing other men in the name of God and religion, as in old times—to killing other men in the name of society and patriotism, as in these times —what sort of progress has been achieved ?

Compare age with age; compare prominent features of periods separated by vast stretches of time; and find if you can, real improvement in the ways of man. Compare the medieval period with the present age. Take the mode of life which approached nearest to the ideal, in the belief of men and women who lived in those times, which—according to history—stood only in the dawn of a bright day in whose broad noontide we of these times are; compare that manner of life with the manner of life which is popularly accepted to-day as being the best way of living. Compare the cloister life of the middle ages with the family life of the nineteenth century. Is the latter an improvement on the former ?

Historians say that monasticism cast contempt on woman, degraded domestic relations and withdrew from active life the noblest souls of the age—men and women the world had need of. They say that the cloisters of past ages were retreats for weak characters who found total abstinence easier than temperance, religious thought more pleasant than godly action. They say that the cloisters were pro-

moters of enervation and decrease of population.

But can anybody truthfully say that a family circle where children are taught that it is right for man to slay his fellow-man, is not a nursery of Satan?

There is no real change in the ways of this present evil world—no betterment. As it was of old, so it is now; and so it shall be. For thus it is written—and this world cannot by any possibility get outside of the course marked out for it in the Scriptures. Always must judgment begin at the house of God. Always is Jerusalem chief persecutor of the prophets. Always is the church visible a slayer of Truth and a hater of upholders of Truth.

The pastor understood this fully. He believed that God intends that this world shall scourge His beloved sons; and that this world always has and always will be fulfilling its mission. Therefore human historians had never been able to make any impression on his mind. "Only the book of the recording angel," he often said—"bears true witness of man's doings."

Neither did his own apparent downfall, nor the momentary triumph of the upholders of the American union, dismay the pastor. Nation after nation—he knew—God-defying, like the nation that surrounded him, had gone down into oblivion after having

fulfilled their mission of preparing God's elect for that day when the meek shall inherit the earth. "The wicked can possess the earth and trample the Word of God under foot, only for a time," said he—"only for a short time."

The pastor believed that in the great awakening which is to come—in that day when it will be easy to follow Christ—many will be sorrowful because they did not follow Him in peril. And the pastor was sad for their sakes; sad because men were wasting their only opportunity to be valiant fighters for Truth; sad to see noble and mighty talents perverted by men who were wilfully blinding themselves, and who were destined to open their eyes in shame and confusion.

Every great discovery hailed by men as the opening of a new avenue for the advancement of the human race, was to the pastor but a suggestion of the wondrous possibilities which the discoverer had rejected in refusing to use his talents in opening the kingdom of heaven. "Had that great mind," he was frequently heard to say—"had that great mind which discovered and made known to men the law of gravitation, employed itself ceaselessly in searching and preaching those laws which Christ has enjoined upon man—the doctrines out of which grew the American union, might have been strangled in their

conception. What right have men to use their talents in piercing the sky and in burrowing the earth, while the human race is lost and wandering away from Truth!"

But the pastor had no cause for self-condemnation. His free spirit had cried "I will!" to every call of his Master. His past was sealed; it could not be re-opened. Each experience, he had passed through only once, upon his onward way. How different was his condition from the state of the man who is enslaved by appetites and passions, and who struggles to be free—going through the same experience over and over again.

The pastor was not naturally a venturesome man. He never would have gone into dangerous places for love of science or gain. Out of weakness he had been made strong. Yet it seemed as though in some ways he had had a natural preparation for the course that he had chosen. He had not been obliged to weigh family duties against the interests of the kingdom of heaven; to consider how much aid a man ought to give to his neighbors in their ways and doings, for the sake of his children's temporal welfare. The little sum of money which he had laid aside was not all gone; and he had a garden patch to eke out support with. He was not yet forced to face starva-

tion; and as to abundance, he had always said that he would far rather have his name honored by being associated with noble deeds, than to have it honored by many bankers. To have lived up to his belief was worth all that it had cost him.

As it was of old, in this present evil world, so it is now; and so will it ever be until the end of the days during which Christ's gospel must be preached for a witness. There is no real change. Always is the world turning to itself and feeding upon the thoughts that have been conceived by its own evil desires. Always is it devouring its own offspring; always is it ready for its own destruction.

The ceaseless cravings of men—what are they in their real meaning but unending desire for that peace which alone can satisfy! The discords and tumults of this world, which clash against each other, destroy each other and come to nothing—what are they in their real meaning but ineffectual attempts to attain those harmonies which alone are worthy of duration! The yearning of men—the desire of this world, is for the advent of those harmonies of the kingdom of heaven, whose sweet utterance enraptured that world which was, when the sons of God walked upon the earth.

Other utterances are lost to this world. Often had

the pastor yearned in his heart to know the things that Jesus said to his disciples and which are not recorded. One day when talking to his daughter about the walk to Emmaus, and the appearing of Jesus to the two disciples who journeyed and were sad—the pastor said :

"It is written that He expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself. What a flood of light must have fallen upon the dark understanding of those two disciples ! With what joy must they have opened their eyes to see a fulfilment of the promises of God concerning the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord. 'He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water'—the Scriptures had said—'that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.' What ignorance is in the world to-day, because there is no record of what those two disciples learned from their Master ! . They saw a man alive and prospering, whom evil doers thought they had destroyed. God had said of this man : 'With long life will I satisfy him.' How grandly the meaning of this 'long life' must have burst on the consciousness of the two disciples ! Often had they seen wicked people thriving and continuing in the flesh unto old age. That continuing and that

thriving, they had always taken for long life and prosperity; and their faith in the Scriptures had been weakened. But now, clear sight was substituted for uncertain faith and they discovered their mistake. They saw long life and prosperity as they are understood in the thoughts of God; and as He bestows them on His beloved sons."

As days followed each other, and as the pastor felt himself drawing nearer and nearer to full vigor, the sorrow of his heart seemed to lighten. He found himself growing into a belief that men had done their worst to him. One of his innermost convictions—that he would die a death from violence at the hands of men—seemed to be losing its hold on him. Men had wreaked their vengeance on him; they had poured out their hate; and still their victim was alive. He took courage. He thought that the worst was past. He began to believe that his disfigurement was a seal certifying that a record had been completed; that it was a guaranty of future immunity. "Henceforward," he said, "let no man trouble me. I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." He even began to look forward to a time when men would grow calm; when their hearts would incline to him again, and when he would be able to take up his witnessing again in Bellicose.

"When war times are over," he said—"when men are hot-headed no longer, then perhaps they will listen."

But not yet was war over; not yet had the upholders of the American union slaked their thirst for the blood of the dweller in the kingdom of heaven. The army that had gone forth "to put down the rebellion," had met with disaster. Retreat and demoralization were its achievement; defeat and humiliation were written on its banners. If hatred of "rebels" had been hot in Bellicose before, now it blazed with tenfold intensity.

Hitherto, as if in compensation for troubled days, the pastor's nights had always been peaceful. Save during the period of his illness, sweet and dreamless slumber—or dreams most pleasant had, night after night, gathered him in beneficent embrace. So that in his heart he had often felt grateful for sleep; believing that to its periodical respite he owed in no small degree the physical powers of endurance which had done much to uphold him. One evening at his accustomed hour he bade his daughter "good night," and went towards his bedroom—stopping on his way, for a few moments, to look out of a window that opened toward Bellicose.

The quiet prospect that met his eye—the shadowy

houses, with here and there a roof reflecting in shimmering ray the radiance of a full unclouded moon—spoke of rest, peace and security; and gave no hint of oncoming devastation. How gladly the pastor would have sacrificed a night's repose; how gladly he would have gone out of his house and into the town to meet a kindred soul with whom he could hold full converse. But he knew that a search for such a one would be vain. Bellicose had rejected the things that pertain to true welfare. To a man the community had scoffed at the gospel of the Wonderful Counsellor; the salvation of the Prince of Peace.

"But outside of Bellicose," said the pastor—"and scattered here and there through the land over which the upholders of the American union assert a right of sovereignty—are men and women who believe in Jesus as truly as I—who trust Him as fully—and who would lay down as much as I have laid down, and more, to show forth the glad tidings of peace on earth and good will to men. I cannot see them; but I commune with them. We are one in spirit, even as God and Truth are one—and to those men and women I send outpourings of love. Yes! To men and women throughout the earth who have been enabled to stand steadfast in the cause

of Peace, with that which has been committed to their care—I send forth congratulations and love." So saying the pastor moved away from the window, and entered his bedroom in search of repose.

An hour passed; another, and another. At the dead of night—just as the daughter, who had been sitting up unusually late, was extinguishing the lights in the lower part of the house—there came a loud knocking upon the outer door. Startled out of her self-possession for a moment, she looked around the room; not knowing what to do. Again came the knocking—louder and more rapid than before; and at the same time the door bell was pulled violently. Timidly the young woman went through the hall, and to the door—the locks and bolts of which she cautiously unfastened—thinking to look out in a guarded manner and demand the business of the intruder. But the door was flung out of her hold, and wide open.

One—two—three—half a dozen men with masked faces, are bursting through the doorway and into the house. "Where is your father!" they roughly demand. "Go and get him—quick! He's wanted on important business." And they are starting to go through the house.

But the pastor—disturbed by the noise—is now

entering the room into which the intruders are just striding, by another doorway. "Come old man!" they cry out as they see him enter. "There's a jollification meeting of rebels up yonder in the woods, over the news from Bull Run. You are specially invited to attend, and we have come to escort you." They lay hold of the pastor, disrobed as he is—except for a gown that he has thrown over his shoulders; and they thrust him out over his own threshold and into the quiet night. Into the quiet night—that is calm and peaceful, except for the shouts and calls sent up by a crowd of men and boys that surround the gateway.

"Have you got him?" they cry. "Bring him along! Give the old rebel the color that belongs to him!" This, with confused ejaculations about tar, shouted out by one and another, tells the wickedness of the plot. But the daughter heeds nothing. Unconscious she lies, prone upon the floor—as her father is thrust out through his doorway.

In the early dawn, a form bearing something of the semblance of a man—yet in such unsightly, such horrid guise, that human beings would have recoiled from it as they do not from their kind—slowly approached the pastor's dwelling. Tottering, it came; falling down upon the ground; creeping; slowly and

laboriously rising, and staggering onward again. Feet that had been distractedly flying hither and thither during the night hours, ran to the object. Loving arms surrounded it. A slight female form, bending under its weight, supported it and helped it slowly along, and into the house.

There is not much more to tell. Only to speak of the heart-breaking labor of cleansing the pastor of the filth with which the patriots of Bellicose had disfigured his body. Only to speak of the victim—lying on his bed, dying; and of the daughter at the bedside; her eyes open at last—seeing her father as he is: a conqueror, crowned with many crowns.

So it was in Bellicose a generation ago; so it is to-day; and so it will ever be, while this present evil world shall endure. In the sacred name of Freedom blinded multitudes do violence and murder to establish a dominion of their own ideas; while only here and there a man or woman can be found who knows that only "*where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.*"

THE END.

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